The Nation

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 28, 1915.

Summary of the News

Efforts at the eleventh hour to attach Greece to the cause of the Allies have proved unsuccessful. Announcement was made on October 21 that Great Britain had offered to Greece the immediate cession of the Island of Cyprus if Greece would intervene in the war on the side of the Allies, and it is understood that other concessions, territorial and financial, were also offered. Nevertheless, on October 23 the Greek Government decided to reject the offers and adhere for the present to a neutral policy. An identical note, published in all the Greek papers and said to be an exact representation of the Greek Government's point of view, was reproduced in the New York papers of Sunday. The note emphasizes the right of Greece to regulate her own fortunes, draws attention to the benevolence of the neutrality maintained towards the Allies, and indicates that in the opinion of her military experts the Allied forces sent to the assistance of Servia are not sufficient for the purpose.

The attitude of Rumania causes as much speculation as it did in the early months of the war. In a Reuter dispatch from Odessa, published on October 21, considerable importance was attached to the military mission which Rumania has sent to France, and dispatches of Monday's date recorded a complete interruption of commercial relations between Rumania and Bulgaria. Messages from Rome, the capital which would naturally be in closest touch with Bucharest, are alternately hopeful and despondent regarding the ultimate decision of Rumania. There have been persistent rumors, which are to be accepted as rumors only, of internal dissension both in Rumania and in Bulgaria.

On the military side, reports of the campaign in Servia have been as conflicting as were those of the progress of the German invasion of Belgium at the beginning of the war. An official report of the War Office at Nish, issued on October 20, pointed to the serious situation of the Servian army, menaced on the north by the Austro-German invasion and on the east by the Bulgarian, and undoubtedly emphasized the gravity of the position as an appeal to the Allies for instant help. Since then, so far as can be gathered, the situation appears to have been somewhat improved by the fact that the Allies, as officially announced by the French War Office on Sunday, have been able to effect a junction with the Servian troops north of the Greek frontier, and late last week a severe defeat was inflicted on the Bulgarians in this region. This victory has been followed up, and the Bulgarians, according to recent reports, have retreated on Strumitsa, which has not, as erroneously recorded last week on the strength of news reports, as yet fallen into the hands of the Allies. Further to the northwest the Bulgarian invaders have occupied Uskub. The Austro-German invasion continues to make progress at a slow rate. Nevertheless, only a few miles separate the Teutonic forces from their Bulgarian allies. Rumors are prevalent that Gen. von Mackensen has not at his disposal forces sufficient for the task in hand, and the determined offensive inaugurated last week by the Italians on the Isonzo front and the assumption of the aggressive by the Russians along a considerable part of their line are to be interpreted in the light of Servia's needs. The fleets of the Allies are reported to have caused much damage by the bombardment of Porto Lagos and Dedeaghatch on the Ægean coast of Bulgaria.

The full report of Brand Whitlock, United States Minister in Belgium, concerning the execution of Miss Edith Cavell, the English nurse who was condemned to death by a German court-martial in Brussels for having assisted soldiers of the Allies to escape from Belgium, was published in the papers of October 22. In our editorial columns will be found our comment on this latest manifestation of *Kultur*. The defence of the execution issued by the German Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs was published in Monday's papers.

Two diplomatic documents have been published recently. On Sunday the New York *Times* reprinted from the *Frankfurter Zeitung* of October 8 the text of a manifesto issued by the Bulgarian Government to explain Bulgaria's reasons for joining the Teutonic allies in the war. On Tuesday the Ministry of Foreign Affairs of Austria-Hungary made public another Red Book entitled "Diplomatic Documents Concerning the Relations of Austria-Hungary with Italy," covering the negotiations between the two Powers from July 20, 1914, to the time when hostilities were commenced.

Interesting reading is afforded by the confession of a person called Robert Fay, who declares that he is a lieutenant in the German army and was sent to the United States by the German secret service for the purpose of blowing up ships carrying ammunition to the Allies. Fay and an accomplice were arrested in New Jersey on Saturday, and their arrest and the discovery of documents in their rooms has led to the arrest of others charged with conspiring against the United States. Fay in his confession was careful to emphasize that neither Captain Boy-Ed nor Captain von Papen, the German naval and military attachés at Washington, had approved his scheme.

Interest in submarine warfare has shifted from the North Sea to the Baltic. During the past week there has been no record of any activity on the part of German submarines, the only naval success achieved having been the shelling by error, on October 21, of a Swedish trawler by a German submarine. In the Baltic, since we wrote last week, British submarines have torpedoed twelve German merchant vessels and one cruiser. The last was the Prinz Adalbert. An official statement from Berlin on Monday said that the cruiser was sunk off Libau and that only a small portion of the crew was saved.

By an Order in Council published on Monday the British Government declared its intention no longer to be bound by Article 57 of the Declaration of London, which states that "subject to the provisions respecting the transfer to an enemy flag, the neutral or enemy character of a merchant vessel is determined by the flag she is entitled to fly." The meaning is that the status of merchant vessels henceforth will be determined not by the flag, but by ownership.

The President's proclamation designating Thursday, November 25, as Thanksgiving Day was made public on October 21.

Elsewhere we comment briefly on the resolution "firmly opposing" the reëlection of President Wilson, adopted at Worcester, Mass., on October 24 by a convention described as representing forty-six organizations of German-Americans of Massachusetts.

Shipments of grain, ammunition, merchandise, and other goods sent out from twelve ports alone last week reached $98,777,000, breaking all previous weekly figures of exports by $25,000,000.

The situation in Mexico appears to be improving since the recognition of Carranza. Announcement was made by the State Department on Saturday that Carranza had formally assumed responsibility for the lives and property of foreigners in all parts of Mexico. The Villistas, doubtless as a result of the embargo on the export to them of arms from the United States, which was declared on October 20, seem to be weakening.

The illness of Premier Asquith has served the useful purpose of bringing temporary calm to the political situation in England. Sir Edward Carson, whose resignation from the Cabinet seemed about to precipitate a crisis, made an explanatory speech in the House of Commons on October 20.

The Parliamentary elections in South Africa have resulted in the return by a substantial majority of the parties supporting General Botha. The results, as cabled, were as follows: Botha's party, 54; Unionists (supporting Botha), 40; Independents, 5; Nationalists, 27; Labor, 4.

Closely following on the report, recorded in our issue of October 7, of the successful transmission of wireless telephone messages across the continent from the Atlantic to the Pacific Coast, came the news, on Friday of last week, that telephone communication by wireless had been achieved between Arlington, Va., and Paris. Unfortunately, the French Government has found it necessary to interrupt the experiments on account of interference with important military messages.

Counter-charges against the barbarous Armenians for their dealings with defenceless Turks, which in vigor leave nothing to be desired, were filed in Washington on October 21 by the Turkish Government. Dispatches from Washington on the following day stated that confidential advices had been received by the State Department that the German Government had officially made efforts to alleviate atrocities upon Armenians in Turkey, but without result.

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The Week

The British censor may be stupid, but he has at least occasional gleams of sense. Thus it was sensible to let through a long series of quotations from the German press on the subject of a possible peace. They are not, perhaps, of great direct value, but they are of high interest as giving us an indirect light upon the state of mind of the German people. Take, first, the fact that a general order has gone forth from Berlin to the press and public not to discuss the terms of peace. This is vouched for by the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, which admits that it may rouse a certain degree of apprehension "among laymen and the less well informed," but adds that the reason for it will be understood by "anybody who contemplates the present politico-military situation, and the present state of feeling in the camps of our enemies." These words may be thought rather Orphic, but one thing is plain: the German newspapers and the German people would not be commanded to refrain from discussing peace unless they were thinking a vast deal about it. That they are, and that the desire for an end of the war has mounted in Germany, until it has become almost a passionate longing, there is plenty of evidence. The thing was explicitly testified to only a few days back by Maximilian Harden. Indeed, one would scarcely need testimony to make it certain. The minds of Germans are not so different from those of other races. The terrible losses which Germany has suffered in the war are known and felt throughout the Empire. The destruction of German foreign trade, the sterilization of her splendid mercantile marine, the dislocation of her industries, are no secrets. Upon the intellect and heart of Germans they cannot but make much the same impression that they would upon any other people.

Every American will read with disgust and a sense of injury the confessions of Robert Fay, the avowed German lieutenant who boasts of his efforts to blow up ships bound out of New York harbor with ammunition for the Allies. Even the *Staats-Zeitung* cannot commend this, and speaks feelingly about the "undesired adventurers" that follow in the train of a great war. But is an officer of the Kaiser's service to be dismissed as an adventurer? True, the *Staats-Zeitung* neither gives Fay a military title nor admits in its news account that he has any connection with the military service. Plainly, this question of Fay's identity is the very first thing to establish. Some of his story is obviously fishy. But if it really appears that he is a German officer sent over here to commit dastardly crimes with the knowledge and consent of his superiors, the State Department will doubtless lose no time in making a few remarks to Berlin by way of Ambassador Gerard. Coming on top of the indictments of Meloy and Rintelen, as to whose malign activities there is already plenty of evidence, besides proof of passport frauds, it is the sorriest kind of reading, and should make Germans everywhere hang their heads.

It is, of course, gratifying to know that Fay's confession frees the two much talked-of German Attachés from any complicity in his plans. He confided in them, he says, and they advised him that if he were going to do that sort of thing he should operate in Canada. That this is a true statement no one can, of course, contend in the absence of further proof. It would seem as if it were at least the duty of the Attachés in such an event to notify the Government and the police authorities of the proposed plan of campaign of Fay. Moreover, if he is an officer, he must have been under their control, and they could easily have ordered him to refrain from any such undertaking. The readiness of Fay to tell all is another suspicious circumstance in regard to his story, but wherever the truth lies, we repeat that the whole incident is gravely unfortunate. The attitude of Germans, and some German officials, in this country has been wrong from the very beginning. It makes no difference whether they believed that the United States was unfriendly to their country and working for the Allies, or not; that gave no one the right to violate our laws and to undertake to extend the warfare of Europe to our country, and that is just what has been done. We believe that when all the facts of which the Government is now in possession are laid before the American people, a great wave of indignation will sweep over the land. That there could be nothing more stupid and hurtful to the German cause than the activities of these conspirators is so obvious to any person of sense that the wonder of it increases day by day.

Great Britain's offer of Cyprus to Greece, as the price of joining the Allies in the war, was but one step more in the general process of carving up the earth's surface which has been going on tentatively ever since the war began. The bribe held up before the Greek Government was but one of many that have lately been dangled before it and all the Balkan kingdoms. If it be said that the offer betrayed great anxiety on the part of England, the reply is that this is undoubtedly true, but that equal anxiety has been shown by Germany and Austria in seeking to purchase the coöperation of Bulgaria. Exactly what they have promised her is not known; but we have the statement that a proclamation has been issued to the Bulgarian troops saying that the German Kaiser has guaranteed that Bulgaria is to be the dominating country in the Balkans. Such she undoubtedly would be if Servia and Greece were crushed, and Rumania stood off; and she might hope to remain dominant until it suited the Kaiser to bring her to his own heel. The British proposal to cede that island to Greece shows again what changes the whirligig of time brings round. When England got Cyprus, behind the back of the Congress of Berlin, by means of a secret treaty with Turkey, the English were, as they had been for years, the fast friends of the Turks and the enemies of Russia. To-day, England is at war with Turkey and fighting side by side with the Russians. At the time of the acquisition of Cyprus, Bulgaria was hailing Russia as her emancipator. Now she is at war with the Czar, although a statue to Alexander II, the Russian liberator of the Bulgarians, stands in Sofia. Such astonishing reversals of national attitude seem to furnish material for alienists. *Totus mundus insanit.*

Meanwhile, our former Minister to Argentina, Mr. Sherrill, conceives that this would be a favorable time for the United States and the other American republics to call upon the European nations to surrender all their possessions in this hemisphere. The demand would be made with great politeness, and in a spirit of the warmest friendship; and Mr. Sherrill seems to think that England and France and Holland would courteously grant our request. As a proof of magnanimity on the part of the United States, we would not ask for Canada, since that Dominion is self-governing, and could be independent if she willed it. All the outlying islands, however, and the Guianas, with every "key" and base or station that any European Power may possess in Western waters, are to be graciously delivered over. This project might perhaps be considered if all the Governments in the world had nothing else to think about. They are

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not, however, at this hour so short of problems that they will be anxious to add to the number. Mr. Sherrill does not, so far as we can judge from the newspaper report of his address, allege the Monroe Doctrine as the all-sufficing argument for whatever we want to do. Whatever the Monroe Doctrine does or does not mean, every form of it has explicitly excepted the existing European possessions in this hemisphere. So that is left out. The suggestion is merely that this would be a happy conjuncture of which to take advantage in order to make the war cover literally the whole earth. But about the desirability of this, we fancy that Mr. Sherrill will find his countrymen—those of them, at least, who take the trouble to give any thought whatever to his proposal—decidedly not so light-hearted as he seems to be.

Sir Edward Carson's reasons for resigning from the Cabinet are merely excellent reasons why he never should have entered it. He had no personal disgusts to allege. He declares that party politics had not been so much as whispered about in the Cabinet. Nor was it on a question of principle that he broke with his colleagues. It was solely a difference of opinion regarding the policy to be pursued in the Near East. Even as to that, far be it from him to say that he was right and the rest of the Cabinet wrong. Only, he could not bring himself to stay. But, obviously, one of such temper is not a man for any Cabinet. If he is not ready, as Gladstone used to phrase it, to put his mind into the common pot, the Cabinet is no place for him. He may at any moment be outvoted, like other members, on one question or another, so that his resignation, on Sir Edward's theory, would be always pending. Of such timber no Cabinet can be built. Carson's resignation of office, on the grounds he alleges, only shows that he never should have accepted it.

Mr. Paderewski's eloquence as a speaker and his virtuosity as a pianist are reported to have netted $12,000 for the Polish Relief Fund. But this is only a trifle in view of the heartbreaking needs of the Poles in the entire section which they inhabit. For them hope deferred truly maketh the heart sick. There is no word out of Berlin or Vienna or Petrograd to say what their fate shall be. All talk of the early reëstablishment of the Polish kingdom under a Hapsburg Archduke has ceased. If for the moment the fighting has swept past—and over—the bulk of the Poles, there is no assurance that it will not return. Meanwhile, with winter approaching they must build upon the wreck of their homes and their farms as best they can. The world, for obvious reasons, has not found the Polish misfortunes so dramatically appealing as those of the Belgians; yet the need is if anything greater.

Immediate and earnest attention should be given by the Government to the grievance presented in the statement of Edgar F. Luckenbach, president of the Luckenbach Steamship Company. It certainly seems amazing that there should be an increase of freight rates on the Panama Railroad at the very time when the obstruction of the canal is upsetting all plans based upon its continuous operation. Mr. Luckenbach declares that the new rail rates at Panama will mean a loss of from $600,000 to $700,000 a year to his company if it continues in the coastwise traffic—traffic between our Atlantic and Pacific coasts—which has been its business. It would seem as though the La Follette act had done enough to disturb and displace American shipping business, without the addition of this fresh handicap. If the facts are as Mr. Luckenbach represents—and his statement looks very plain and straightforward—a very unjust and ill-considered policy has been adopted, and the whole question should be thoroughly looked into before serious and lasting mischief is done. Incidentally, the affair is a reminder of the kind of dangers that attend Government ownership and management of transportation facilities.

The first train over the Canadian Northern, to Vancouver, following so closely the opening of the Grand Trunk to Prince Rupert, is but one index of a change reported over all the Canadian West. The Pacific slope is made a front door, instead of a back door, in anticipation of the full utilization of the Panama Canal. Formerly, the biggest elevators were built east, the medium-sized ones in Alberta, Saskatchewan, and Manitoba. Now the largest are going up at points in the far West, the three transcontinental roads are building large repair shops at Coquitlam, Prince Rupert, and Port Mann, and the big traction and wire companies of Birmingham, Cleveland, and Pittsburgh are looking over the region for sites. From Fort William on Lake Superior to points in the Alberta wheat fields is from twelve hundred to fifteen hundred miles. From the Pacific ports to these points is less than half that distance. The Pacific ports are always open, while the Great Lakes close so early that most Alberta grain has to go on to St. John. With the rates by water one-tenth those by land, much even of Manitoba and Saskatchewan grain may be sent west.

This is a dizzy time for Republican Favorite Sons. After being frowned upon for a generation, they are suddenly seized by the hand and pushed into seats right next the fire. The more the merrier, exclaims Paterfamilias Hilles, while the flames brighten and each member of the cheerful circle sees "1916" glowing in the embers and twisting tantalizingly in the ascending smoke. How different from a short four years ago, when the space in front of the fire was kept cleared for a big arm-chair. How different from the time before that, when a new and powerful steam-roller puffed threateningly up and down before the door. What heart would not beat faster at the slogan, A fair field and no favors and may the best man win! Only, there must be a best man, of course, and suppose that by some mysterious casting of horoscopes the name of the best man was revealed to a select few before the race really started. Suppose that the select few could not keep the sacred knowledge to themselves, but went about whispering it in the ears of the judges. Suppose that the judges did not feel like flying in the face of destiny, and announced the name of the winner just as he and his competitors were about to start around the track. But this is to anticipate. For the moment, every Favorite Son has the happiness of picturing himself enjoying the fatted calf. It would be a pity to spoil the dream.

The Massachusetts German-American organizations in convention last Sunday showed great skill in avoiding action calculated to injure the chances of any aspirant to public honors. The resolution adopted completely allayed any fears that either the Republican or the Democratic candidate for Governor may have entertained that he might be made the recipient of an endorsement. "We do not desire," says the resolution, "as an organization to endorse any candidate for Governor." Having thus avoided giving anybody a grievance at home, the convention did even better by President Wilson. In his case the convention not only withheld endorsement, but put itself on record as "firmly opposed to the reëlection of Woodrow Wilson as President of the Unit-

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ed States." This circumstance may not go very far towards helping to reëlect Mr. Wilson, but every little helps.

An interesting correspondence has been going on between the Governors of Pennsylvania and South Carolina. It concerns a negro accused of murder, whose extradition is asked by the Southern State. Gov. Brumbaugh has been courtesy itself, but has wanted to assure himself that the accused would have a fair trial. He does not forget that his own State has been disgraced by outbreaks of the mob, but he has felt a certain responsibility upon the point nevertheless. The Columbia *State*, in reviewing the correspondence, makes no attempt to palliate the lynchings that have occurred, but pleads that they have been exceptional. Judges and juries usually give full justice to a negro on trial. It is candid enough to admit, however, that justice is not quite evenhanded as between black and white, but holds that this is not because of over-strictness towards the negro, but because of over-leniency towards the white. Judges are pretty sure to see that the negro gets his legal rights, no more and no less, but are not so certain to see that the white man does not get more than his rights. It hardly need be said that the lynching of an extradited negro would make it embarrassing for the State in which the lynching occurred to ask for the extradition of another one.

To future generations it will make little difference just when wireless telephony began to give promise of realization, but ours may well have a thrill of gratification over the fact that the conversations between Arlington and Paris have taken place at just this time. Not all thought and all energy, in those awful years, history will record, were spent in devising or carrying out means of destruction and slaughter. There was a residuum of effort left for better things. While General Staffs were studying complicated problems and planning grand movements, other groups of men were working as hard upon problems no less baffling, but for results that would bring peoples closer together rather than drive them further apart. The wireless telephone, even in its present unfinished form, is the outcome of a ten years' war conducted in thoroughly organized fashion and won by the slow method of conquering one difficulty and then another. If its development has lacked the dash and romance which have made the story of some inventions so interesting, it is not wanting in other qualities which marked also the most notable American experiments of recent years, those of the Wright brothers. One of these qualities, persistence, is not usually placed so high as it deserves among our native traits.

The city of Montgomery, Ala., was managed by five commissioners. The administration of affairs being unsatisfactory to the people, the question arose of a reduction of the five commissioners to three. No referendum was had, but the question became an issue in the election of representatives to the Legislature, and in this indirect way Montgomery declared in favor of the smaller board. Her sister city of Birmingham meanwhile was managed by three commissioners. The administration of affairs being unsatisfactory to the people, the question arose of an increase of the three commissioners to five. The Birmingham delegation in the Legislature agreed to leave the decision of the question to a referendum, and last week the referendum was held. A "clear majority" was given to the proposal to change from three commissioners to five. Morals are drawn in Alabama from this tale of two cities. One of them is that Americans have a "restless feeling" towards their city government; another, that the commission form is not always a glittering success. But the great lesson is overlooked. Is not the ideal number of commissioners four?

Both in itself, and as encouraging the movement for supervision by the States of institutions granting degrees, a proposed bill creating a board in the Interior Department to set proper standards for the colleges and universities of the District of Columbia will deserve attention by the next Congress. The latest protest against low-grade institutions in Washington which abuse the title of "college" comes from the Washington Board of Trade. There have even been degree-granting or degree-selling colleges in Washington which have existed only on paper. Senator Gallinger has cooperated in drawing up the bill, which requires proof of both financial and scholarly standing. In the States, the tendency to supervision has become strong. In the last five years New Jersey, Arkansas, Michigan, Massachusetts, and Maryland have authorized bodies to exercise much the same general oversight which we have had for a longer period in New York and Pennsylvania. Collegiate Squeerses certainly ought not to be tolerated in the Federal District.

To the least vengeful, there is more than a suggestion of poetic justice in the welcome of Madero's widow in Mexico City. Thirty-two months cover the crowded time since the murder of the man who succeeded Diaz, a murder that determined nothing but the fate of the adventurer who decreed it. Amid all the kaleidoscopic changes of the past two years, with revolt within revolt, the First Chief has apparently been true to the memory of his First Chief. At last he is able, having put his enemies under his feet, to give in the blood-stained capital official welcome and more than official protection to the person who peculiarly embodies that memory. Yet not in the name of the victorious leader who has carried the banner of Madero to triumph, but on behalf of the Constitutionalist Government, did the Military Commander extend to Señora Madero greeting and the freedom of the city. Those who hope that the ascendency of Carranza will mean not only the restoration of order, but also the birth of political life, will be heartened by this emphasis upon law rather than leader. Anything else would be to kill the spirit of Madero as well as his body, and so to make a mocking of honors to his name.

Regarding the prospects of monarchy or republicanism in China, the dispatches vary from day to day. At the present moment the republicans seem to be having the better of the argument, but Yuan Shi-Kai is still described as wavering between the two, with the suspicion that it is a case of thrice refusing the proffered crown on the Lupercal. But as a matter of fact, Yuan Shi-Kai's stand has been more definite. It seems to have escaped general attention that, early in September, the President of the Republic came out firmly against monarchy. The Peking *Gazette* for September 6 gives in full the text of a message addressed the day before to the Council of State. In this statement Yuan Shi-Kai alludes to the petitions brought forward in favor of a change of government, admits that the purpose of the petitioners is patriotic and sincere, but speaks out directly:

> The duty being mine to maintain the general situation, I have to state that I regard the proposed change as unsuitable to the circumstances of the country. Furthermore, it is not uncertain that a suitable and practicable law will be devised if due consideration of the conditions of the country and ripe discussion enter into the preparation of the Constitution of the Republic which is now being drafted.

This shows the situation in a light not always reflected by the news that comes out of China.

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THE CASE OF MISS CAVELL.

In the story of the trial, the sentence, the plea for mercy, and the execution of Miss Edith Cavell, as told by Hugh S. Gibson, secretary of the American Legation at Brussels, there is lacking no circumstance, save one, that might be calculated to arouse the indignation and scorn of mankind. It cannot be charged that the act of the German military governor was in violation of the German military law. It was doubtless wholly legal; Miss Cavell herself fully avowed her guilt, and indeed it appears that her noble candor furnished the military court with evidence that might otherwise have been lacking. But when this has been granted, all is granted that can be. In the straightforward, lucid, and comprehensive statement of Mr. Gibson—a statement in which no trace of passionate resentment appears except such as the simple facts inescapably infer—we read a story of brutal callousness, brought into higher relief by the mean and petty deception which was resorted to in order that there might be no possible chance for the messengers of mercy and humanity to defer, and thus possibly to balk, the fulfilment of the executioner's will. That the original blunder of invading Belgium should now have been capped with the huge mistake of putting to death an English nurse in Belgium shows how slow the German high command is to learn moral lessons. And the fact that the Kaiser has quickly pardoned other women convicted of the same offence as Miss Cavell, at once places in a ghastly light the haste and secrecy of her execution and puts the finishing touch to a deed which, in addition to being barbarous, was eminently stupid.

The English press is aflame with indignation over the deed. We may be sure that the German newspapers will reply with a chorus of invective directed against English cant, English hypocrisy. And we may be equally sure that no German newspaper—however learned its editorial staff, however familiar with English history and English literature—will quote what the great historian of England said in commenting upon a deed singularly similar to that done at Brussels last week. Alice Lisle was a woman whose life had been one of charity and good works; she had given shelter to a fugitive who had escaped from the destruction of Monmouth's rebel army in 1685. Macaulay points out "the absurdity and cruelty" of a law which makes such an act punishable by death, and proceeds:

> It is evident that nothing but a lenient administration could make such a state of the law endurable. And it is just to say that, during many generations, no English Government, save one, has treated with rigor persons guilty merely of harboring defeated and flying insurgents. To women especially has been granted, by a kind of tacit prescription, the right of indulging, in the midst of havoc and vengeance, that compassion which is the most endearing of all their charms. Since the beginning of the great Civil War, numerous rebels, some of them far more important than Hickes or Nelthorpe, have been protected from the severity of victorious governments by female adroitness and generosity. But no English ruler who has been thus baffled, the savage and implacable James alone excepted, has had the barbarity even to think of putting a lady to a cruel and shameful death for so venial and amiable a transgression.

In an age when burning alive was a legal punishment and executions for treason were the most familiar of phenomena, in a reign whose infamy stands out unique through the butcheries of Jeffreys, the execution of this pure and good woman still glares out of the pages of history after the lapse of centuries, still adds to the blackness of one of the blackest of records. In the eye of a Reventlow the killing of Edith Cavell may be a noble act; in the eyes of many of his countrymen it may appear justifiable, though abhorrent; but at least let them not charge Englishmen with hypocrisy when they give vent to fierce indignation over a deed done by their enemy to-day, the like of which, done by one of their own kings 230 years ago, they still hold in remembrance as a deep stain upon their history.

That this fresh reminder of what German militarism means—this latest term of the series which began not with the Lusitania, nor yet with Louvain, but with Zabern—will produce a profound impression upon American feeling there can be no doubt. But its effect ought not to stop there. We do not believe that many Americans take at their face value, or at one-tenth their face value, the rose-colored presentations of the blessings of German conquest to which we are occasionally treated, and of which Mr. McClellan's recent preposterous article in the New York *Times* is one of the latest examples. Yet there is among many, no doubt, a sneaking feeling that, after all, there may be something in such a view. How false the view is, even from the standpoint of the external facts, has fortunately been exposed, in the case of Mr. McClellan's article, by a number of writers. Professor Dupriez and Mr. James Gustavus Whiteley have ably shown up in the New York *Times* the ignorance and falsehood with which the article is permeated; Mrs. Harper's letter in the *Evening Post* was an effective protest. It cannot too plainly be said that, remarkable as is the thoroughness of German system, it does not by any means accomplish the miracles asserted of it, and that if the Belgians are not suffering more than they are, the chief credit is due to themselves. But that is not the main thing. The main thing is that all such defences of German conquest as that of Mr. McClellan leave out the heart of the matter.

What these apologists ask is that we shall stand agape, lost in admiration of a whited sepulchre. The trial and execution of Edith Cavell sends a flash of light into the interior, and we think no more of the whiteness of the outer walls or the smoothness of the adjacent roads or the trim perfection of the grass around the tomb. We think of the rotting bodies within, and we think of the mourning and embittered souls of those upon whom this awful cross has been laid. We think of that "slavery" of which King Albert has just spoken in his letter to the Pope, and to which he declares that his country will never consent to submit. And as we think of these things, our indignation may perhaps be permitted somewhat to overflow its narrower bounds, and include in its scope any American so forgetful of his country's ideals as to imagine that Americans can regard as compensation for the loss of all that a people hold dear the precious gift of machine-made efficiency bestowed, or imposed, by the German military hierarchy.

THE FALLIBLE EYEWITNESS.

The bitter business of war has its humorous aspects. The comic relief has been chiefly supplied by the "observer on the spot." Frequently he is a newspaper correspondent just back from a personally conducted tour along the front. Sometimes he is a professional novelist who has been driving ambulances for the Allies. Sometimes she is an American girl who studied music in Vienna and who recently spent two days in Berlin. If they would only be content to give us their personal experiences, they would be doing us a service. But they are satisfied with nothing less than the certain outcome of the war and the reconstruction of Europe. Our music student knows that von Mackensen has taken 600,000 men into Servia, and that Germany has food enough for two years. Our ambulance driver knows that the French nation has been re-born, though this is his first visit to Paris. As for our correspondents who have been all along the front, the tone is familiar. "I

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have been in the trenches, I have eaten white bread and beef stew with the *pioupious*, I have seen the great gun pointing towards Metz, and I know that at Creusot there are two thousand such guns,"—note the ease with which he passes from the one gun he saw to the two thousand he did not see—"and can confidently say that the Germans will never get to Paris."

As a matter of fact, such an observer would not have known the difference if the big gun had been pointing to Verdun instead of Metz. He could not for the life of him have told whether there were two thousand men within a mile of him or two hundred and fifty thousand. A polite officer of the General Staff had to show him which end of the range-finder was the top. Nevertheless, with a Napoleonic sweep of the eye he knows that Paris is safe. It is precisely as if he said, "I have covered on foot every inch of the ground from the Aquarium to Fulton Street, I have seen the crowd on the Curb, I saw the men working on the twenty-second story of the Equitable Building, and I know that the Federal Reserve Bank has made financial panics impossible for all time."

Your eyewitness ceases to be amusing and becomes something of a nuisance when he starts to draw "lessons" from his experiences and begins to apply them at home. For instance, to have been caught by the war in one of the capitals of Europe immediately qualifies a man to write on Preparedness in America. Such an observer sounds a call to arms in the November *Century*. He is one of those who "know what invasion means," who saw "proud cities of yesterday, to-day smouldering in ashes," and "nations of happy artisans and farmers reduced in a twinkling to a starving mob," panic, destitution, insane fear. All this the writer may have seen, but it does not entitle him to draw a map of the Eastern United States and trace a line from the Canadian border to Newport News through the Adirondacks, the Catskills, and the Blue Ridge, and assert that "such a line, once occupied, could easily be held by 400,000 German, British, or French troops against any army in the world." The reason is obvious. In the first place, the transition from the horrors of invasion to the requirements of strategy is too sudden. In the second place, when our writer speaks of military affairs in Europe, he is a very poor observer indeed. As for example:

> The deadliness of modern weapons which makes it possible to defend a frontier with fewer than 2,000 men per mile.

The Russians had at least 5,000 men per mile in Galicia and could not hold.

> It is a well-known fact, for instance, that Germany has for more than eight months held the western battle line of nearly six hundred miles with fewer than 900,000 men.

The fact is that Germany has at least twice that number of men in the west.

> The territory of the United States lying east of the dead-line comprises only about 100,000 square miles, or less than half the total area of France.

This requires the services of an arithmetician. If Germany, with nearly two million men, holds less than 10,000 square miles in France, which lies just across the border from Germany, how many men would it require to hold ten times the amount, 4,500 miles from Germany across the Atlantic? But there is no need of harping on details. Our observer may have seen what he saw. As an advocate of preparedness he is no better than another.

Greater weight attaches to the observations of a writer in the New York *Times*, a former Socialist and believer in internationalism whose experiences in the war hospitals have taught him that the brotherhood of man is still far off. After carrying wounded soldiers under fire, "bandaging the stumps of arms and legs," eating and sleeping within the sound of shell fire, he became convinced that original sin is still in man. We have here an apparently sincere account of a kind of psychological conversion which the touch of actual experience often does work; the history of the Saints is replete with such spiritual changes. To the extent that the writer, moved by the horrors of invasion, is determined that his own nation shall be spared its horrors, the argument is sound. But here, too, the observer succumbs to the temptation of generalizing beyond his observations:

> For instance, I found that there is such a thing as a French national spirit.

We at a distance have always known that it was there, just as there is a British, German, Russian, Italian, Servian, and Bulgarian national spirit.

> I know that it has never once, through the victories and reverses, flagged or wavered for a second.

This is rhetoric, because every national spirit flags and wavers under disaster, and recovers with success. From the observers who reported the Kaiser's hair turning white after the battle of the Marne to the observers who describe the French national spirit, there is a great deal of "knowing" things that the observer really does not know. When he describes his personal relations to war, he is useful. When he begins to generalize about humanity, he creates confusion. When he begins to write about preparedness and the geography of the Appalachians, he gives one a headache.

"CHANCES" OF THE CONSTITUTION.

There is a great deal of speculation about the vote on the new Constitution for New York State, which will be taken next Tuesday. On Sunday the New York *Sun* had reports from various counties in the State, the net inference from which is that the outlook for the Constitution is, on the whole, favorable, though if adopted it will be by only a small majority. It is not pretended that a full canvass of public sentiment has been made. We have little but guesswork to go upon. Personal motives and politics have become mixed up with the fate of the new instrument of government at the polls. Many are confidently predicting that it will be overwhelmingly beaten. But we may remind them that similar and even more positive forecasts were made of the defeat of the Constitution of 1894. Boss Platt himself did not believe that it would be adopted. It was, however, easily. A similar surprise may be in store this year for the politicians who think that the new Constitution is already as good as defeated.

About this we make no prophecy. We refrain partly because we do not know, but more because the main thing to consider between now and November 2 is not the chances of the Constitution on election day, but its substantial merits, and the arguments used against it. Some of the latter are respectable and sincere, no doubt, but it cannot be denied that many of the attacks upon the Constitution grossly misrepresent its leading features, while an immense amount of sheer clap-trap and self-contradictory assertion has been put forth to confuse the minds of the voters. For example, the Socialist newspaper, the *Call*, has just become violently excited at the threat of establishing an "autocratic" government at Albany, with the accompanying destruction of "the freedom of the Legislature." Whether this be honest ignorance or not, we do not undertake to say; but no one can fail to be amused by it who recalls the consistent Socialist picture of the Legislature as made up of a set of manikins, owned body and soul by capital, or controlled absolutely by venal bosses. It is this kind of legislative dummy of which, we are now told, the freedom is endangered.

Those who cry out against the plan of a State budget take precious good care not to

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cite the text of the amendment embodying it. That would be fatal to their imaginary fears. For the power of the purse is left with the Legislature, virtually as before. The spectacle of a usurping Executive deciding what money shall be appropriated is purely fanciful. Preparation of estimates; public defence of economies proposed; free debate of fiscal measures advocated—none of these things can interfere with the right of the Legislature to utter the final word, nor are they intended to. To introduce reason and business principles into the conduct of the State's finances is not to introduce tyranny; and no one knows this better than some of the men and the newspapers that are trying to make a fearsome bogey out of the budget system. Much the same is to be said of the efforts of Senator Brown and others to kick up a dust over the proposal to give the Governor power to make some of his own appointments. This is held up as if it were borrowed from Czardom; whereas it is simply a slight extension of the principle of centralized responsibility, which we have all been for a long time approving and acting upon in city, State, and nation.

It would be hardly worth while to refer to Judge Cullen's rejoinder to Mr. Root, in the matter of the ludicrous peril of military tribunals subverting the courts of this State, were it not to show to what straits the opponents of the new Constitution are driven. Judge Cullen does not at all question Senator Root's demonstration that the present Constitution—unchanged in this respect by the proposed amendments—affords the most ample protection against dragging citizens before military courts. All this he passes by, merely to reiterate the charge that a special addition to the Bill of Rights was voted down by the delegates. From that he makes a rapid but not very graceful transition to several other objections which he has to the new Constitution. The effect of this, we must say with all respect for Judge Cullen, is very much as if he had frankly admitted that his original and sole argument had been shown to be invalid, but then declared that he had several others just as good.

The real hope of the adoption of the Constitution lies in the belief that the mass of the voters are intelligent enough to discriminate between false assertion and the fact, between interested opposition and genuine public spirit. If they read the actual provisions which they are asked to approve or reject, they will know that a vast deal of lying about them is being done. If they stop to consider the whole trend of political discussion and reform, during the past few years, they will conclude that the Convention made a cautious beginning in meeting the demands of enlightened reformers and publicists in the matter of readjusting some of our forms of government. It is the merits of the scheme, not its "chances" at the polls, which the voters of New York should keep steadily in mind. If they do, there will be no doubt of the adoption of the Constitution.

FADS AND FANCIES THAT PAY.

Advocates of school reform, like pioneers in so many other fields, too often neglect to present their case in a form that will appeal to your average, practical citizen, whose opinions or prejudices must, after all, be recognized as a factor to be dealt with. Too many articles written in defence of the Gary system have laid stress on the spiritual values of Mr. Wirt's curriculum. It is extolled as a school of democracy and as an education to a broader life. In this, indeed, the principal merit of the Gary system may consist, and the cost it will involve may very well be worth while. But spiritual values, to find acceptance among the hard-headed people who manage to shape the forms of society, must take on a concrete value. It is doing better to point out that the child who has been educated into complete, intelligent manhood will be worth so many more concrete dollars to the community. But even that may seem a trifle indefinite and remote. New York would never have taken up the Gary plan so earnestly if the actual exigencies of the municipal budget had not brought economy to the front. The Gary scheme may or may not turn out to be cheaper than our present system; the fact is undeniable that it is receiving attention because the community hopes to get out of it more results for more of New York's school children than it can do under present conditions. Your practical citizen will not sneer at fads and fancies if he can see a profit in the tangible future.

An instance of the kind of innovation in schools that is plainly not a fad was supplied by the exhibition of the high-school art courses in relation to women's work recently held in the galleries of the Fine Arts Building. The work of pupils in eighteen schools, and in perhaps a score of various crafts, was on display. The first impulse of your practical citizen would be to reject these efforts in the industrial arts, and chiefly in the field of art design, as another instance of fad and fancy. Yet the mere mention that these classes are similar in scope to those which are to be found in every European city should be enough. It is not merely a question of developing a national fine taste to be satisfied by products from abroad, but of educating a trained class of workers in the finer crafts. One authority writes:

> What skilled designers we have are for the greater part men and women trained in foreign schools, while our country has for years paid immense sums for the privilege of purchasing abroad materials we ourselves possess, but have failed to utilize with the aid of good design into manufactured forms which can command our own markets.

To-day this nation is engaged in a breathless attempt to build up dyeing industries and other chemical industries, from which we have been cut off by the war. By this analogy we would wait for the siege and close investment of Paris before setting out on a frantic attempt to build up a fine industry in fabrics while the customer went unprovided.

Ignorance or lack of imagination will account for the average citizen who in one breath will condemn fads and fancies in the schools of America and humble himself before German efficiency. Our conception of efficiency is hazy with random ideas released by the much-discussed "scientific management." It is true that we speak of Preparedness, but efficiency and preparedness have become confused in a vague impression that the victories of the German armies have somehow been made possible by "scientific" systems which save half an hour and several hundred waste motions a day. The Kaiser's kind of efficiency consists much less in saving thirty minutes than in using intelligently the other eight hours and thirty minutes of the working day. It consists less in saving waste motions than in developing the several thousand motions in the factory or at the desk, with which no system of scientific management can dispense. The great secret of German efficiency is application and training. Preparedness means training; not magic formulas, but very hard work and foresight extended through the years. Germany's strength is in her schools, military or technical, and in the last analysis it is the technical schools that count. Schools of all kinds, schools in forestry, schools in textiles, schools in brewing, craft schools, and by no means least, schools of applied design. Germany takes fads and fancies and turns them into industries and arts.

All this is elementary, but it is our national habit to be blind to elementary things

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until they are forced upon our attention by something of the dimensions of a catastrophe. It took us long to find out that for the public-school boy there was some other destiny than going to high school or going into the blind-alley of office-boy. We have learned and have gone in for vocational education. Must it take years before we have made a further step and learned that for the graduate of the girls' high school there is something between college and the stenographer's desk? Between the two lies a field of great possibilities, the entire range of the artistic crafts, for which the American woman would seem to be specially qualified, with her acknowledged *flair* for beauty in clothes and in the home. We have our spasmodic awakenings. We had recently a sudden patriotic movement for American fashions for American women, which has probably gone as quickly as it came. The assumption was, apparently, that out in Seattle or Detroit the native genius of America would assert itself by January 1, and put Paquin and Poiret out of business. That is not the way the Germans or the other Continentals go about it. They do not sit down and say, "By heaven, we will be efficient and prepared." Preparedness is training and schools.

THE THEATRE ADRIFT.

In ten years, if the moving pictures continue their triumphal progress, the spoken drama will be dead. When Mr. W. A. Brady made this gloomy prophecy the other night he used the word "spoken" in a very general sense, in contradistinction to the silent or screen drama. He was not thinking of the spoken drama as practiced, let us say, by Paul Hervieu, of the French Academy, who died on Monday in Paris; of the drama, that is, in which character and ideas, expressing themselves in words, are not sacrificed to "action," by which, in the native drama, is understood something "doing." The Hervieu play, the Continental play as a rule, is spoken drama to the point of frequently being talky, against which we justly protest. The ideal play undoubtedly is what the textbooks always call for: a forward sweeping action carried on in penetrating, vibrant dialogue. The ideal is not often realized. The Europeans have emphasized the talk. We have gone in for the action, with the result that there arose the distinction between the "literary" drama and the action play. The idea that there can be an action of the mind and the soul, that the subtleties of a Hervieu have a forward movement of their own, has not found acceptance here. And rightly enough. The enjoyment of brilliant analysis and talk in itself is not part of the national endowment. Our spoken drama, if we have one, must stand somewhere between the Hervieu or Shaw play and the "movies."

Can that middle ground be found? Is there a legitimate field for the spoken play in this country, which the movies can never occupy? Common-sense would argue that there is such a field. An art some twenty-five hundred years old cannot conceivably perish as suddenly as the managers predict. When a crisis in the spoken drama supervenes, the tendency of the business men of the theatre is to look for external causes. Some time ago it was the automobile. Then it was auction bridge and the tango. Now it is the motion pictures. It must be frail virtue that succumbs before every fad of the moment. It seldom occurs to these practical men to ask whether they themselves are not largely responsible; but to-day there is very evidently a busy searching of hearts along Broadway. All this pother about price-cutting, and ticket agencies, and alliances made and broken the same day, indicates both the existence of a crisis and its cause. Big Business in the theatre has struck a slump. The revelations in court about circuits and syndicates and territorial delimitations and booking privileges read very much like a proceeding under the Sherman Anti-Trust law. The same methods that have brought so many railways into the hands of a receiver have operated in the theatre.

Under the influence of Big Business, the spoken drama has undergone an evolution which did make it exceedingly vulnerable to the competition of the movies. Managers in buying a play wanted naturally the play that promised big profits, and such a play must be one of a very wide appeal. A long run in New York city, such as would satisfy the wildest dreams of the European playwright, was not enough. The play must run in the provinces, and employ several road companies. Point to charming plays that have been highly successful in New York, and your practical man of the theatre will say, "Yes, but it starved on the road." Writing, then, for a nation-wide audience, the dramatist has been compelled to go very thin on character, ideas, dialogue, to concentrate on action, and action reduced to its elementary terms. The spoken drama has been reduced to a minimum of speech. It became largely a matter of pistol-waving on the one hand and crude sex appeal on the other. And when it comes to pistol-waving, the photo-play can beat the living theatre at the game. If the spoken drama is to compete with the screen-play on the mere ground of action, then Mr. Brady is right, and there is no reason why the badly written, psychologically worthless spoken play should survive.

But once you give up your dreams of huge profits and agree to call a play successful which will appeal not to the millions, but only to the tens of thousands, the outlook for the spoken drama is far from hopeless. The drama, says Mr. Brady, is not sustained in New York as it is in London, Paris, Berlin. The answer is that in those cities people do not think in terms of enormous royalties. There are audiences in this country which should make the spoken drama quite profitable, not the spoken drama of Hervieu, but the drama as it seemed to promise when Clyde Fitch, Augustus Thomas, Langdon Mitchell, and Edward Sheldon at his best were at work. From that we might have gone on to still better things. The real play is impossible if you persist in thinking of indefinite runs and half a dozen road companies. How can even half a dozen road companies compare with the movie film which shows simultaneously in a hundred theatres? Mr. Brady saw no hope for the spoken drama, because men like Augustus Thomas may command $10,000 for a movie scenario written in a few minutes. If Mr. Thomas insists on making $10,000 every few minutes, he will, indeed, let the regular theatre go. But we imagine that for Mr. Thomas there is an appeal about the theatre which might counterbalance the call of enormous profits from the movies. Or Mr. Thomas might earn $50,000 by writing five scenarios in half an hour and then have plenty of time left for the drama.

At any rate, the film play in itself need not be an enemy of the true drama. The film play may yet turn out to be a blessing in disguise. If it weans away from the theatre the men who think of profits in war stocks, there might be a chance for the managers content with lesser profits to be made in furnishing real plays to the public. By satisfying the elementary appetite for "action," it may yet drive pistol-waving from the theatre and leave the stage clear for a real spoken drama. People will go to the movies for one thing and to the theatre for another. And the dramatist who is relieved from the demand for something "doing" every minute may give us plays that are spoken in a more real sense than the "spoken" drama of crooks and detectives.

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Foreign Correspondence

FRANCE AND THE BALKANS—SMALL INVESTORS AND SECRET DIPLOMACY.

By STODDARD DEWEY.

PARIS, October 10.

By the time this leaves France in these days of uncertain though fairly regular mails, or at least by the time it is printed, it may be generally known whether the latest news is true. And then again it may be not. "Don't crawfish!" was the rule of some of our schoolboy matches, that ungeometrical animal being credited by us with the desire to prove that the shortest distance between two points is not a straight line, but round the corner. Such, after long wanderings, is the evolution of this war.

In the Balkans it had its beginnings; to the Balkans it is returning. And the news is that the French General Sarrail, who held back the army of the German Crown Prince during the battle of the Marne, is debarking at the head of an expeditionary force of the Allies at Salonica or near abouts. Whether the news is "realized" or not, the French people have to take time from the rest of the war to think about the Balkan peoples. The devious ways of European diplomacy in their midst seem to verify the cross-road sign of our pioneers:

> This road is not passable,
> Not even jackassable.
> When this road you travel
> Pray take your own gravel!

Well, when diplomacy reaches the silence point, cannon must speak.

It is in France that nearly all these mixed and muddled peoples of the Balkans have found the money to set them on the way to law and order and what has hitherto been called civilization. Take Bulgaria, which, in Dr. Johnson's phrase, is now the peccant part. Since 1896, Bulgaria has negotiated officially four loans in France, to the amount of $75,000,000—still unredeemed.

The first of these loans is pathetic. It was for some $7,000,000 wherewith to feed the Rural Credit banks which were to make intensive agriculture possible in Bulgaria. The agriculture has been made real; and in 1911 Bulgaria was able, besides satisfying the wants of her own people, to export wheat and other cereals to the value of $27,000,000. This was very good for a rural population of about four millions. This particular debt does not appear in the list of Bulgarian consols, for it is the State's debt to the Agricultural Bank; but the money came from France, as did three-fifths of the national debt proper. And, of the rest, no one can say how much is held unofficially in France—by underground sale. Thus Germans set about building their far-famed Bagdad railway by first allowing French investors to buy half the stock and then borrowing money in France to keep the other half for themselves.

These small investors among the French are very curious and interesting. They will speak to you in one breath of Atchisons and Argentines, Brazilians and South African mines, Spanish Exterior—and Turks and Bulgarians. Between Turks and Bulgarians their confidence has been rudely tried of late. The general opinion is that Turks are pretty safe in the long run, since those debts are guaranteed internationally on the revenues of certain territories, under no matter what master. The Bulgarian debt has also been popular in the past, as there was a general notion that the Bulgarian people were essentially healthy like their Yoghourt—which Professor Metchnikoff defends himself from ever having called "Bulgarian sour milk," since if milk is sour, unhealthiness is likely to be the cause.

The far-flung money-lending line of the French in the Balkans does not end here. Rumania has had her share of French gold, and Servia's national life has been built up on it. Since war began, Greece has dipped her hands into French savings without grateful acknowledgment—unless this is to be made now. And so far the French small investor has not dumped his Balkan bonds on the market in a panic.

France has done scarcely less for the Balkan peoples along the intellectual line. Except for Servia, whose King is an old cadet of the French military school of Saint-Cyr, the military party in these new nations has been bred up mainly in Germany, as all can plainly see. Then of late years, the Swiss schools of applied sciences have had their share of Balkan students. But it is France that has had what is called their university education. In provincial faculties like Toulouse and Montpellier, Grenoble and Lyons, there would be now a dozen and now a score of Bulgarians. Rumanians have always vaunted their Latin origin and speech, and claimed relationship with Italy and France. It has been one of the worries of professions like medicine, in which university degrees give permission to practice in France, unlike Germany, that too many Balkanians and Russians (or Germans masquerading as Russians) took advantage of the law to remain in France and occupy the place of natives, without having their military obligations and the consequent loss of time on entering their career. Doubtless, there will be a sifting of all this—after the war.

In Rumania particularly, there has been an affectation of Parisianism, in spite of the German reigning house and the dowager Queen's idyls of Carmen Sylva. In Athens, too, the intellectual tide sets towards France, in spite of the influences of German sovereignty. The French theatre and French novels supply literary ideals; and revolution, as in Bohemia and Russia, finds inspiration in French Revolutionary annals. For essential revolution, there is in France a very general idea that even the Balkan peoples will not allow themselves to be pushed by their rulers beyond certain limits of race and nationality.

Said one Rumanian: "Our country is governed by great land-owners and petroleum companies." To which a Rumanian general responded: "There are fifty persons in our country and half of them are already bought!" To such pessimism, French good sense commonly answers: "We don't believe that the Rumanian people will finally abandon the 'redemption' of the millions of their race who live under Magyar rule in Austria-Hungary."

We expect soon to see whether German *Realpolitik* has succeeded essentially better than the ideal and too polite French method, or the drifting English, or bureaucratic Russian. The general verdict is that the Allies have not had a united diplomacy at all. Now they have to fire united guns instead. One of the results of the war should be a reform, if not a revolution, in this secret diplomacy with its methods of ancient days; and perhaps the German temporary success is due to their casting tradition to the winds just as they have kicked their feet through Hague conventions.

The world might well remember that it is France, after all, who has shown herself most consistently favorable to the principle of nationalities. The French Revolution made the working of such a principle practicable for the first time. The Second Empire came to its fall through the repeated application of the principle. If peace is ever to come to the Balkans—and to Europe—it must be through some livable settlement of these nascent nationalities. The hegemony of Germany alone or of the Central Empires together would not only do away with independence, but stop all national growth as well. It is difficult to see how the victory of the Allies, or even Russian predominance, would reach a like result.

All this is bound to react on the French people. They are being schooled in the Rights of Peoples. The annihilation of Servia, the crushing of Belgium and obliteration of Luxemburg, and the threatened fate of Bulgaria and Turkey have impressed on them as nothing else could have done the lesson.

> Think ye I made this ball
> A field of havoc and war,
> Where tyrants great and tyrants small
> Might harry the weak and poor?
> My angel—his name is Freedom!

THE BALKAN SITUATION—LORD DERBY'S RECRUITING SCHEME—A TORY LION AND LIBERAL LAMBS.

By JAMES F. MUIRHEAD.

LONDON, October 12.

German success in Russia, doubt in the Dardanelles, and the relative failure of the Allied diplomacy in the Balkans—a failure which it is easier (and perhaps juster) to deplore than to blame—have brought about a situation of which it would be hard to exaggerate the seriousness. The critical importance of Constantinople as one among the determining factors of the war has long been clear to the enlightened publicists, and it is evident that no efforts must be spared to prevent the linking up of the Central Powers with Turkey by way of Bulgaria. While, however, the seriousness of the menace to the cause of the Allies is recognized, it behooves us not to lose sight of the other side of the question. It is remembered that the grandiose vistas of conquest and revolution in the glowing Orient, with which apparently the eyes of Germany are now being dazzled, formed no part of the original schemes of the campaigns undertaken by Germany and Austria, fourteen months ago. Calais and Paris for certain, with London, Moscow, and St. Petersburg as possibilities, were then the objectives of the Teutonic hosts—not Constantinople, Cairo, and Calcutta. If the European part of the scheme had been successful, its expansion eastwards might have seemed neither unnatural nor chimerical. But the sudden orientation towards a new goal, while the original goals are still far from attainment, is as compatible with a feeling of weakness and desperation as with one of confidence and growing hope. The fact that this new movement to the southeast coincides with a very considerable victory of the Allies on the western front and with a very distinct check to the progress of the German invasion of Russia (not to speak of disquieting rumors as to

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the position of the Turks in Gallipoli), makes it at least conceivable that the new venture has been to a large extent inspired by a sense that the attacks on France and Russia have been practically checkmated. With the acquisition of the Bulgarian army as an ally, the Servian front seemed an easier mark than that in either the east or the west of Europe; and if the neutrality of Greece and Rumania could be insured, the prospect of success would seem tempting to the Powers that had elsewhere been baffled. It is, moreover, in complete harmony with military philosophy of the "second best," as expounded by Clausewitz and Bernhardi, according to which a failure in one sphere of operations should be followed, when possible, by aggression in a new quarter. The fact that the movement is ultimately directed against the Oriental Empire of the arch-enemy, England, must lend it a peculiar zest.

The action of Greece has been a grave disappointment to the Allies, and the resignation of M. Venizelos must rank among the more pregnant events of the war. The end, however, is not yet. The rapid intervention of the Allies by way of Salonica is giving Greece and Rumania ample food for thought. If this is backed up by further marked success, either in France or in Russia, its political influence may be very potent indeed, to say nothing of the actual material value of the aid rendered to Servia by the Allied troops. Bulgaria's leaders have quite frankly announced their desire and intention to be on the side of the victor, but whether the true key to her present action is the ambition of a King who has set his eyes on a visionary imperial throne in Constantinople, or the fear of a people who remember the fate of Belgium, it is not beyond the bounds of possibility that a little success on the part of the Allies may make her swing round to the other side. This possibility is enhanced by the fact that there is an obvious cleavage between the Bulgars and their sovereign, and by the evidence that the people have no great enthusiasm for a third Balkan war. The feelings of the Greeks are also so much divided that democrats may be excused if they cherish the hope that one result of an Allied victory will be marching orders to at least two European sovereigns. Rumania at this moment occupies a very commanding position. Her army is much stronger than that of Bulgaria, perhaps as strong as that of Greece and Bulgaria combined. In conjunction with that of Servia, it would dominate the native forces of the Balkan peninsula. With the Bukovina in the hands of Austria, aggressive action on the part of Rumania would be difficult and isolated; but if Russia were able to regain ground on the extreme left of her line, the situation of Rumania would alter very considerably. And, to leave this subject for the moment, if the best should happen and the Germano-Bulgarian joint movement fail, the road to Constantinople would be open to the Allies. The risk of a large Salonica-Servia move is great; but it may be a case in which political ends justify the military danger.

An interesting article in the *New Statesman* for this week is entitled "The United States and the World." The question of the writer, who evidently knows his America well, is not whether the United States will enter the war, but whether she will enter the world. Hitherto, he thinks, the United States (in spite of the Spanish War, Platonic appearances at Hague Conferences, and the like) has been in the world but not of it. She has been a recluse among the nations; her policy has continued to be nearly as irresponsible towards the nations of Europe as when outlined by George Washington. He realizes that the fine ideal of America is to be a country devoted to liberty, justice, equal rights, and the arts of peace, free from the envy and jealousies of international policy, and far from the dust and din of war. He recognizes the generosity of its desire to act as mediator and healer at the close of the great European conflict; but he is doubtful whether America as a whole realizes the burdens and responsibilities that this rôle would involve. That there are some Americans who envisage these difficulties clearly enough is obvious. The names that immediately occur to me are ex-President Taft and President Lowell. A comparison of Mr. Lowell's essay in the September number of the *Atlantic Monthly* with the article of the English journalist is particularly interesting. The writer in the *New Statesman* is inclined to think that the floating in America of the Anglo-French war loan may be the first link in a chain that "will profoundly affect and may transform the position of the American nation in the general scheme of *Weltpolitik*."

All eyes are turned with considerable interest on the efforts of Lord Derby, the new Director of Recruiting, to show by practical results that the voluntary system has by no means shot its bolt. The exact method he means to adopt has not yet been made public, but from what has already leaked out, it seems as if his procedure might not be unlike the scheme suggested by Mr. Spencer Wilkinson—a scheme that has excited a good deal of favorable attention. Mr. Wilkinson's proposal is that the Government, acting on the information obtained from the famous "Pink Forms" of the National Registration act, should call upon every man of military age to state, before his local authorities, the reason why he has not enlisted. If these reasons were deemed satisfactory, he would receive a badge of exemption; and the presence or absence of this badge would henceforth be final and significant as to the position of every young man. In the meantime, the flow of recruits has by no means ceased, as is evinced by the success of Sergeant Niemeyer, of Canada, who has 7,000 recruits to his credit; 3,000 enlisted within the last five weeks.

A very significant sign of the present unity of England was the meeting held last night at the National Liberal Club, to hear Mr. J. L. Garvin, editor of the *Observer*, give an address on "The Greater Issue: a Reign of War or Peace?" If it had been suggested, eighteen months ago, that Mr. Garvin, the pace-maker of the Conservative party, should be received as an honored guest in the stronghold of the Liberal party the very stones of its famous marble staircase would have called out in protest. But last night the largest room in the club was packed far beyond the point of comfort by an audience that cheered Mr. Garvin to the echo. The chair was occupied by Mr. J. A. Spender, editor of the *Westminster Gazette*.

"Treating," so far as alcoholic liquor goes, is now forbidden in the London area. You may invite a friend to dinner *and* a glass of beer at your club, but you may not stand him the beer without the beefsteak. It is easy to imagine the infinity of "nice" points that will arise. Thus, I imagine you can provide a cocktail after your guests are seated at the dinner table, but not as they assemble in the anteroom. But the principle is excellent.

The Paterson Silk Exhibition

A NOTABLE DISPLAY OF REPRESENTATIVE EXAMPLES OF AN ANCIENT INDUSTRY.

To celebrate the First National Silk Convention the public-spirited citizens of Paterson, N. J., planned an exhibition of modern silk manufactures. The interest of such a display would have been largely local. Fortunately at this point the organizers took counsel with a visiting German specialist, Dr. R. Meyer-Riefstahl, an authority on the history of textiles. With him as director, the original plan was enlarged. Paterson proposed nothing less than a complete historic representation of the silk industry. Of evident utility to her own designers and manufacturers, such an exhibition is also a fine manifestation of civic pride. The exhibition is so full and select that no student of this branch of the history of art can afford to neglect it. In normal times there would be a rally of connoisseurs from distant points of America and Europe to profit by the brief opportunity offered in the Paterson City Hall. As it is, the exhibition closes on October 31. One could wish it prolonged.

To bring together nearly four hundred examples of the finest silks, ranging from the early years of our Christian era to the end of the eighteenth century, and to do this in haste, is no small task. Dr. Meyer-Reifstahl accomplished it only by obtaining the active good-will of the museums and of many private collectors. The Cooper Union contributed from its extraordinary series, also the Metropolitan Museum, the Art Museum of Boston, and the Providence Art Institute. Thus in fragments, for the earlier period, and in generous pieces, for the more modern examples, the whole history of design and weaving in silk may be covered in a short tour of the galleries.

It has ever been a cosmopolitan industry. Until the seventh century, when Chinese monopoly was at length evaded by smuggling the silk worm into Europe, the production of raw silk was exclusively a Chinese industry. The Greeks and Romans had silks, and probably wove them on some scale, but we have few remaining specimens of this art. The standard patterns were worked out in Persia under the Sassanid Kings.

The medallion is almost universal. It contains animal forms, frequently faced in heraldic fashion about the tree of life. Sometimes there are riders or charioteers. Owing to the wars in Persia, the centre of this industry passed early in the Christian era to Alexandria. But the Egyptian weavers generally adopted the already popular Oriental patterns. Alongside of the organized manufacture, the women of Egypt made on small tapestry looms the inset medallions and borders which are being recovered in quantities from the tombs of the Nile Valley. There are twenty-four splendid exam-

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ples of this make in the Paterson exhibition. Many display a rude Hellenism in figure designs, others show the native geometrical interlaces which prelude the fully developed Saracenic style.

After the abasement of Alexandria, Byzantium set the fashions, and silk-making spread gradually to western Europe. Byzantium still preferred the medallion forms with animal or bird motives. But the stuffs made from the eighth century on have less of the Sassanian free-hand quality. They are more precise and heraldic. A magnificent specimen of this early mediæval art is No. 33, a brocade in green and salmon red, with imposing faced eagles. It was probably woven in Sicily in the eleventh century. It is interesting to compare it with the superb medallion No. 31, which, though of the same date, retains a distinctly Sassanian character.

The early fabrics woven at Lucca and elsewhere in Italy in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries—there are ten of these extremely rare fabrics in the exhibition—remain true to the Levantine tradition. So do the velvets which were later made at Genoa and Venice. These are preserved in considerable numbers, and are splendidly represented at Paterson.

Early in the seventeenth century Lyons contested the supremacy of the Italian and Spanish looms. The severe, symmetrical Oriental designs give way to the informal, naturalistic designs derived from China of the late Ming dynasty. These generally floral motives, become staple, easily lent themselves to the playfulness of the rococo manner. In the rather decadent versions of the Third Empire, these Lyons patterns became the precedents for the American silk industry. After the Jacquard invention made its marvels of copyism possible, both Lyons and Paterson have eclectically followed for commercial purposes the free Franco-Chinese tradition, while occasionally imitating the severe Eastern-Mediterranean designs. Lyons has regarded this historical revival as very important, and has set up the finest textile museum in the world. It is to be hoped that this remarkable loan exhibition at Paterson may be the earnest of a permanent textile museum. A city could have no worthier ambition than to link its chief industry to the finest precedents, to hold before its manufacturers for encouragement and emulation the finest products of the past.

Besides a very full representation of the East-Mediterranean weavings and their derivatives, the later textiles of Persia, Turkey, Arabia, China, Japan, and India are exemplified. There is even a little group, from Providence, of very curious Inca tapestries from Peru. A magnificent hunting arras of late Gothic period is alone worth the trip to Paterson. The whole enterprise does credit to its organizers. One is glad to learn that an illustrated album of the exhibition, under Dr. Meyer-Riefstahl's care, will commemorate the effort long after these beautiful stuffs shall have gone back to their fortunate owners. The State of New Jersey has set an important example in these local and industrial exhibits. Last year, under the auspices of the Newark Public Library, the clay industries of the State were exhibited both in actuality and in historic retrospect. With a more generous public support, Paterson has achieved a still more imposing historic and artistic standard, setting an example which our other manufacturing centres will do well to emulate and will with difficulty excel.

F. J. M., JR.

Prussianism in the Colonial Field

By A. G. KELLER.

Under the assaults of the British and the Colonials, the French and the Japanese, the German colonial empire has steadily melted away. Considering the amount of money and of effort expended upon it by the Germans, and the pride which its possession seemed to inspire, it seems strange that the wonderful German preparation for the conflict did not include some provision for its protection.

Of course, if Germany was as confident a year ago last July as her subsequent expressions of angry and pained surprise would give us to understand, that England would remain neutral, then she needed not count into her calculations the danger to the *Kolonialreich;* the German fleet could then have afforded all the protection needed. And if, on the other hand, the chance of loss was incurred under the conviction that the war would be ended by a rapid campaign, before the colonies could suffer much or at all, there was no great call for preparation in their behalf. Certainly their neglect is explicable on the hypothesis that Germany was so sure of winning in any case, whatever should happen for the time being in the colonies, that she must acquire in the end a larger and better empire beyond the seas, composed in good part of eligible British holdings, than the one she possessed. The present result would, on such an hypothesis, seem to be yet another sequel either of blundering statesmanship that could not foresee the inevitable or of military overconfidence.

One of the most remarkable miscalculations of the Germans, as every one now knows, lay in the fact that they confidently expected widespread revolt in the British possessions. It is one of the most significant tributes to British colonial policy that not only the Colonials, but even the native races, have rallied to loyal support of the Empire; and it is no small tribute to the modern French system that the French colonial empire remains loyal, and that native races volunteer in defence. Nothing of this kind is reported of the German subjects. It has been a matter of perplexity to some and of confirmation in their anti-German views to others that the German colonial empire has fallen away, as if no vital connection with the metropolis ever existed. This aspect of affairs deserves some explanation, especially since a consideration of the facts about the acquisition and administration of the German *Schutzgebiete* helps to formulate an attitude towards what is coming to be seen as the basic issue of the war: Do we want the world to be run in the accepted way or in the German way?

Bismarck, who declared himself "von Haus aus kein Kolonialmensch," was driven into the colonial field largely as the result of agitation on the part of the *Kolonialmenschen.* The perusal of the latter's utterances discloses a mood to which we are not strangers in the present year of grace: "das kanonenfeste Deutschland," "Deutschland's Weltberuf," etc., are watchwords ever on their lips. "In der That," cries T. Fabri, "wer in aller Welt soll es denn wagen, ohne Scheu vor fremdem Neid Thaten zu thun wenn nicht der Sieger von Königgrätz und Sedan?" The wave of enthusiasm swelled, and in 1884 Bismarck prepared his way for yielding to public sentiment by publishing a White Book detailing with gross onesidedness his grievances and the maltreatment received from the English diplomatic office, in special connection with questions of trade interests and their protection in Southwest Africa. This document, at least by implication, recognized the region in question as under British influence.

But there followed shortly upon this utterance a peremptory declaration of a protectorate over what later came to be German Southwest Africa; and then, so to speak, the lid blew off. In the spring of 1884 Germany had no possessions beyond the seas; but by March, 1885, she held an external empire of a million square miles and was exercising dominion over more than ten million subjects. For the most part, this empire was rudely snatched from under the very paws of the British lion. It was perhaps the very suddenness and boundlessness of the effrontery which carried the thing off. Dr. Nachtigal beat the British commissioner to Togo and the Cameroons by a hair, and raised the German flag under his very eyes. Then, in October, Karl Peters and two other adventurers, under assumed names and disguised as laborers, undertook and carried out for the *Gesellschaft für deutsche Kolonisation* the seizure of what was later called German East Africa. No German interests worth mentioning existed in this region, nor yet in New Guinea and the rest of Melanesia, which was presently appropriated. Peters and his confederates were quick men, and soon had in hand a number of treaties with the East African princes, who were cajoled into agreements which they understood imperfectly, if at all, but who soon found that they had made wide concessions of land and administrative privileges. No apologies were made for the seizure of these East African districts, which Great Britain had long regarded as pros-

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pectively her own. In fact, the attitude of Bismarck combined a solemn assurance with a truly Junker rudeness.

The most talked-of example of German "colonial" expansion was, however, the "lease," in 1898, of the Chinese port of Kiao-chau, for ninety-nine years. This was in alleged consequence of the murder of two German missionaries, and called forth the historic soliloquy attributed to the Kaiser in a comic paper of the period: "If my missionaries only hold out, I shall soon own the earth."

Presumably, no more fault can be found with these proceedings than with the Bismarckian performances in the period around 1870.

Having acquired the colonial empire, and finding that England was not going to raise a row, but was, in fact, rather inclined to a certain rueful admiration, the Germans set about the creation of a colonial administration. It is needless to say that it had its admirable qualities of scientific treatment and of thoroughness; but it was not adaptable. The whole system was Prussianized; its inflexibility was that of a militarist and bureaucratic régime. It represented an attempt to carry over to the *Schutzgebiete* the complex military and administrative system of the home-land. Though not without their place in the management of dependencies, inflexibility and governmental rigor are about as ill-adapted in principle to young and chaotic societies as the frontier system would be to the Prussian state. Even the white settlers were always complaining of the delays and meddlings around the "green baize" in Berlin. German writers on the colonies were, fifteen years ago, almost unanimous in condemning the bureaucracy. They rebelled against the military caste-system, the imposition of petty regulations and fines, the direction of affairs from Berlin, the inexperience and self-confidence of colonial functionaries, and in general against the arbitrary conduct of a governing organization which did not know its ground, but could not conceive of that being the case.

And the social system showed the same stiffness and maladaptability. Rank and social position were upheld as at home. There were no informal clubs where colonel and corporal could associate man to man, play tennis, and even bruise each other's features in a friendly bout with the gloves. Each military circle of a few members herded by itself and gulped down its steins of heavy beer in lonely and dignified seclusion. It is generally admitted that a cheerful disposition and good-fellowship do much to ward off maladies in any part of the earth, and especially in the tropics, where home influences and the society of women and of friends are but rarely to be enjoyed.

This system, combined with the effects of climate, rendered the German testy and irritable, and predisposed to gusts of passion upon slight provocation—a state of mind to which the significant term *Tropenkoller* was applied. Hence the *Kolonialgreuel*, or atrocities, that marked the early years of the German administration in its contact with the natives. These seem to have been passing phenomena, as they were in the Belgian Congo, but they left a bad impression. And added to this was the effect of the whole maladaptable system upon the native susceptibilities.

We should pause here, for the moment, to note that the natives of the German colonies were not a very promising lot. Lord Salisbury is reported to have said, referring to the desert dunes of German Southwest Africa, that that colony was blessed with a "rather thin soil." No less exiguous is the cultural development of most of the German share of the "white man's burden." This is one of the explanations, be it said, and a very good one, why the natives of the *Schutzgebiete* have not rallied to the German cause as have the Indian races and the North Africans to that of the British and the French.

But here was, evidently, no theatre for the staging of the Prussian system and manner. A rigid system, administered with an ill grace of manner, is sure to awaken resentment in a native population, particularly if the latter is already restive under a brand-new harness of ill-fitting, cramping, even though generally trivial, restrictions. The contact of an uncompromising bureaucracy with a savage or almost semi-civilized population can easily be figured in the imagination; police regulations calculated for the latitude of Berlin, bundles of acts whose transgression is a matter of daily occurrence among unwary sojourners in Prussian towns—all these formed a system whose application to Bantus and Papuans was incongruous even to the local official.

When the natives rebelled in East Africa, von Wissmann set out first of all to teach them "eine gründliche Lehre," after which they were to be ruled with "Strenge mit Gerechtigkeit." That system has its advantages; it certainly shows up well on paper in comparison with, for example, the British system of "muddling through." But that latter system, or lack of system, has the quality of being an analogue of the nature-process—a series of small adaptations, made as discomfort appears—and almost automatically leads to shiftings, even contortions, and finally to wholesome readjustments. And it also has its astonishing results, by which, if a pragmatic judgment is to be formed, it is justified.

This brief set of considerations upon German colonization indicates certainly that the Germans did not act out of character in the acquisition and administration of their colonial empire. The leopard did not change his spots, in favor of better adapted coloration, in migrating from one hemisphere to the other. Some painful adaptations have been made in later years, but that the type is radically altered cannot be believed. It is but another instance of the German way of doing things that we have before us in this side-field of their activity. But the sketching in of the side-issue may serve to complete the picture of the issue as a whole.

Book Notes and Byways

SOME PARALLELS IN HENRY VAUGHAN.

It has long been known that Vaughan—as indeed he himself admits—borrowed largely from Herbert, but Mr. L. C. Martin, in his edition of Vaughan recently issued by the Clarendon Press, shows that this imitation was extended to other writers besides the Rector of Bemerton. There is something more than the mere curiosity of pedantry in exhibiting these parallels, for it is a step towards clearing up the community of ideas that runs through the lyric poets of that age, shown not only in their constant use of a few guiding themes, but in their frank appropriation back and forth of the very expression of these themes. One manifest bit of borrowing not noticed by Mr. Martin I have just happened to stumble on. In "The Shepherds" Vaughan has the pretty lines:

> Perhaps some harmless Cares for the next day
> Did in their bosomes play,
> As where to lead their sheep, what silent nook,
> What springs or shades to look,
> But that was all.

The whole poem is a kind of descant on the theme of one of the stanzas of Milton's "Hymn on the Nativity," and in the lines just quoted runs close to the original:

> Perhaps their loves, or els their sheep,
> Was all that did their silly thoughts so busie keep.

The Clarendon Press edition of Henry Tubbe, reviewed in the *Nation* of August 26, shows a parallel of another sort which was overlooked by the editor of that volume as well as by Mr. Martin. This Tubbe (born 1618, died 1655) was a Cambridge royalist who was prevented by ill health from becoming a clergyman, and so solaced himself in those troublous times, as did Vaughan, by composing verse. Only one of his poems appears to have been printed in his lifetime, but he left his verse and prose, including copies of his letters, in a couple of neat manuscript books, from one of which the recent volume is edited. Many of his lucubrations are said to be unblushing paraphrases from his contemporaries, particularly from Randolph, Suckling, and Crashaw. Such paraphrases are omitted from the selection of his poems now printed, but the editor has not observed that quite the best of the poems included, the one from which the *Nation's* reviewer of Tubbe quoted several lines, is a clear adaptation of the first piece in Vaughan's "Poems" (published 1646), that entitled "To my Ingenuous Friend, *R. W.*" As we hear so little of Vaughan from his contemporaries, and the borrowings hitherto noted have been all against him, it may be worth while to give his poem entire, and enough of the imitation to indicate Tubbe's method and ability. Vaughan wrote in trotting octosyllabics, thus:

> When we are dead, and now, no more
> Our harmles mirth, our wit, and score
> Distracts the Towne; when all is spent
> That the base niggard world hath lent
> Thy purse, or mine; when the loath'd noise
> Of Drawers, Prentises, and boyes
> Hath left us, and the clam'rous barre
> Items no pints i'th' Moone, or Starre;
> When no calme whisp'rers wait the doores,
> To fright us with forgotten scores;
> And such aged, long bils carry,
> As might start an Antiquary;
> When the sad tumults of the Maze,
> Arrests, suites, and the dreadfull face

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Of Seargeants are not seene, and wee
No Lawyers Ruffes, or Gownes must fee:
When all these Mulcts are paid, and I
From thee, deare wit, must part, and dye;
Wee'le beg the world would be so kinde,
To give's one grave, as wee'de one minde;
There (as the wiser few suspect,
That spirits after death affect)
Our soules shall meet, and thence will they
(Freed from the tyranny of clay)
With equall wings, and ancient love
Into the Elysian fields remove,
Where in those blessed walkes they'le find,
More of thy Genius, and my mind:
First, in the shade of his owne bayes,
Great *B E N* they'le see, whose sacred Layes,
The learned Ghosts admire, and throng,
To catch the subject of his Song.
Then *Randolph* in those holy Meades,
His Lovers, and *Amyntas* reads,
Whilst his Nightingall close by,
Sings his, and her owne Elegie;
From thence dismiss'd by subtill roades,
Through airie paths, and sad aboads;
They'le come into the drowsie fields
Of Lethe, which such vertue yeelds,
That (if what Poets sing be true)
The streames all sorrow can subdue.
Here on a silent, shady greene,
The soules of lovers oft are seene,
Who in their lifes unhappy space,
Were murther'd by some perjur'd face.
All these th' inchanted streames frequent,
To drowne their Cares, and discontent,
That th' inconstant, cruell sex
Might not in death their spirits vex:
And here our soules bigge with delight
Of their new state will cease their flight:
And now the last thoughts will appeare,
They'le have of us, or any here;
But on those flowry banks will stay,
And drinke all sense, and cares away.
So they that did of these discusse,
Shall find their fables true in us.

What a poet was lost to the good school of Ben when Vaughan forswore the jocund Muse for Herbert's solemn votaress! Were this an essay instead of a note I should love to expatiate on this poem of Vaughan's youth, and show how his theme had been employed by others of the mellow choir before him—and after him, too, even down to "The Blessed Damozel" of Rossetti; but I must do no more than copy some of the better parts of our ambitious Tubbe's paraphrase, as follows:

When wee have lost our Breath, & shall not vex
The Citty, nor the precise Holy Sects
Of our new Reformation, with Mirth,
Which though refin'd, yet they say smells of Earth:
When Wit and Innocence shall both expire,
And our Soules flourish with eternall Fire:
When all is gone that the false envious World
With much regret into our Pockets hurl'd:
When the harsh Thunder of a Drawer's Voice,
Huesters Non-sense, mixt with a Medley-noise
Of Carmen, Prentises, & Boyes, no more
Shall trouble us: . . .
. . . . . .
There (as Wise Men
Beleeve, that Love lives after Death) agen
Our Spirits shall intermix, & weave their Knots;
Free from the Trouble of these earthly Grotts;
Thence winged flie to the Elysian Groves,
Where, whilst wee still renew our constant Loves,
A Thousand Troops of Learned Ghosts shall meet
Us, and our coming thither gladly greet.
First the Great Shadow of Renowned Ben
Shall give us hearty, joyfull Wellcome: then
Ingenious *Randolph* from his lovely Arms
Shall entertaine us with such mighty charms
Of strict embraces, that wee cannot wish
For any comforts greater than this Blisse:
From hence dismiss'd through many winding Wayes
And subtle turnings, where each Spirit playes,
Delighting to be lost in such a Maze
Of Joyes & Pleasure, our just, even Pace
Shall bring us to that sweet Forgetfull Lake,
Which (if brave Pöets sing the Truth) will make
All sorrow flie away from them that bath
Their thirsty Pallates in the liquid Path.
Here on a shadie Plot of pleasant Ground
Those scorned Lovers mingle in a Round,
Who in their Life time were unhappily
Blasted & torne by cruell Perjurie.
. . . . . .

Now the odd question is: What was this fellow Tubbe about? Were these paraphrases merely exercises by which he was training himself in the art of poetry, as Stevenson, for instance, copied the style of great prose writers in his 'prentice years? But Tubbe was twenty-eight when Vaughan's "Poems" were printed. Did he think he was improving Vaughan? That seems too great a self-delusion even for an unrecognized versifier. It is observable, however, that Tubbe turns Vaughan's octosyllabics into heroic couplets, and as this measure was gaining in favor, it is just possible he thought he was doing a fine thing by putting Vaughan's rather loosely clad Muse into a more fashionable bodice. Almost all of his original verse (if any of it is really original) is in heroic couplets, and I should like to know whether in those unedited adaptations of Suckling and other poets he made the same transfer as in the case of Vaughan. But the thing is still a mystery. I don't see what the fellow was about. Certainly he could not have expected to pass these stolen goods off as his own, even after carefully obliterating all marks of the king's ownership. Mr. Henry Tubbe has suddenly grown interesting to me, since I have found that he admired my much-loved swan of the Usk enough to steal his plumage.

P. E. M.

Princeton, N. J.

Notes from the Capital

EDISON.

The choice of Thomas Alvah Edison to head the new Naval Advisory Board was the natural thing under existing conditions, the navy being in particular need of new inventions, and Edison being to-day the foremost American inventor. A casual glance at the man would give you but a slight suggestion of a genius; for, if we except a certain carelessness of attire, he bears no mark we usually associate with that dreamy sort of person. When you meet him, however, and he takes your hand and looks into your eyes, you begin to compass him mentally. The large, somewhat heavy face acquires a cheerful life you had not seen in its set lines before, and the stocky frame beneath seems to relax as he talks to you. Conversation, by the way, has been more a duty than a pleasure to him of late years, as his deafness has been steadily on the increase. The infirmity has been with him since boyhood. When he was employed as a "train-butcher" on a railway, he was forever experimenting with chemicals in the baggage car, between his trips through the train to sell candy and newspapers; and one day some phosphorus which he dropped on the floor set fire to a bit of woodwork just as the conductor entered. That functionary, in a rage, boxed the boy's ears so severely as to damage his hearing; but what seemed at the time a misfortune had its happy side, for as a telegraph operator, having to read his messages by sound, he was obliged to concentrate his attention on the ticking of the instrument on his own table, which meant indifference to the noise of the others surrounding him. His deafness has also saved him the wear and tear of hearing all the din of the city streets, or the rattle of the machinery in a busy workshop, while he was trying to think. Indeed, it has aided him in perfecting sundry products of his inventive faculty. The telephone and the phonograph might have been dropped by him as finished some time before they were, but for the fact that, in order to be sure of their powers, he must hear distinctly himself the sounds they transmitted; with the phonograph, for instance, he worked steadily for more than a year to compel it to convey the word "species" as it ought.

One of Edison's hobbies in which he will strive to interest you before you have been with him long is the nearest approach to a perpetual-motion fad that ever commanded his attention—a theory that the human brain and body need practically never give out. To eat sparingly, sleep no more than one is obliged to, and work persistently through whatever time may be left, has been his own practice, and any thought of superannuation is the last that enters his mind. He used to startle people who asked him how old he was by naming some age which ranked him alongside of the ancient patriarchs. Then he would whimsically explain that a man's life was best measured by his efficient expenditure of energy, that the universal ideal of a working day was eight hours; and hence that, since he put in on his work from sixteen to twenty hours of every twenty-four, he was an octogenarian in truth before he had attained his fiftieth birthday by the almanac.

Most inventors are prophets, and Edison is no exception to the rule. Just about twenty years ago he expressed his belief that the next epoch-making invention in the electric field would be a means of increasing the speed of railway trains, upon which he set no limit short of the point where locomotive and cars would break up or fly to pieces; and all that that was waiting for, he thought, was the discovery of some method of converting coal directly into electricity. As to flying machines, he felt perfectly satisfied then that the end sought would soon be reached, but his experiments had led him to conclude that electricity would not furnish the motor desired. Nor could he at that time look hopefully upon the idea of telephoning across the ocean, his skepticism being based on the assumption that submarine cables would continue to be the only medium of transmittal. This does not mean that wireless communication was quite outside of the plane of his prophetic vision, for he was at that very hour trying to work out a scheme for signalling between ships at sea, too far apart to see each other—in fact, anywhere within a radius of thirty miles.

As to all such prognostications, he has always been careful to say that, so far as he could judge, nothing that mankind wished, however remote its achievement might appear, could be dismissed off-hand as impossible. That one man cannot find any way of bringing it about is a sign merely that his individual powers are exhausted, but neither that man nor any one else is competent to fix bounds on the ingenuity of the whole human race, in his own generation and in those that are to follow. The great point is that the world's desire for the object shall be strong enough. Things which the public do not care for, it would, in Edison's opinion, be a waste of time for the cleverest of inventors to tinker with. His own maiden invention was an apparatus for recording votes in de-

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liberative assemblies. It did its work with the utmost nicety; but when he brought it to the notice of a number of political bosses at a party convention, every mother's son of them waved it aside as an undesired piece of machinery. In vain he argued that he had witnessed disputes over the votes cast in their political gatherings, which his device would settle accurately; that plea, so far from winning them to his support, seemed only to inflame their prejudice against the recording instrument, and he had to remove his model in chagrin. The experience taught him a lesson which he has never forgotten, and many observations in his later life have deepened the impression it made. It is possible that, in his new advisory capacity, he will thus be the better qualified to aid Secretary Daniels in settling the fundamental question, whether or no the American people do want a big navy. TATTLER.

Correspondence.

WHAT MAKES RIGHT?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: One hears, these days, not a little vociferous condemnation of the principle that "might makes right." There is a brutality about it that seems to cancel, without mitigation, every gain that civilization has made, every refinement with which it has succeeded in covering man's native savagery. But there is at least this consideration to be urged in its favor—that, other things being equal, it *is* better to have strength than weakness survive. In a civilized state, to be sure, there is a tendency to add gradually to the survival value of every one concerned. But if a choice must be made, then society must prefer health to disease, strength to weakness, intellect to dulness, skill to failure, in its elimination of the unfit. Perhaps we should not all care to live in a Nietzschean world, but there could be worse ones.

Among these worse ones would be a world in which weakness made right. Who does not know families in which the most extravagant selfishness is fostered in the person of a child who happens not to have a robust constitution? He learns to base his claims to preference on the very fact of his comparative incapacity. But while the abstract principle that weakness makes right would be ridiculed alike by the biologist and the philosopher—and even, no doubt, by the indulgent parents just referred to—it may well be heralded as the surprise of the hour to hear that very doctrine urged by the high diplomats of the land of Nietzsche and Schopenhauer! No one asserts, of course, that Germany is weak; far from it. But even the strongest nation might quake before a world in arms, and be tempted into the use of unwonted logic. And such has been the case. German diplomacy has long consisted in the opportune rattling of the sabre; but when her might seems more than matched, her Treitschkean logic weakens into a plea of extenuating circumstances.

This anomalous doctrine first came to light at the time of the invasion of Belgium. From the standpoint of the proud and heroic little nation invaded it must have seemed the very apogee of irresponsible power. It must have looked as if the big nation broke its promises towards the little one solely because it had the necessary men and cannon to enforce its will. But it is well to remember that the reason given for tearing up the scrap of paper was not based upon the consciousness of power at all. On the contrary, it was a confession of weakness. The Germans went through Belgium, not simply and solely because they were able to resist all opposition there, but explicitly because they were *not* then able to cross the French frontier farther south. It was "military necessity" that led to the breaking of the treaty, and that necessity consisted of a range of powerful fortifications along the German frontier of France. The invaders therefore felt justified in repudiating their moral obligation towards neutral Belgium, because they were not powerful enough to live up to their promises and still win. There is no talk here of superman, no "Wille zu Macht"; it is the crude excuse of mere advantage.

The same strange plea is made for the illegal and murderous use of the submarine. According to the treaties still in force among the great nations, a man-of-war may stop and search a merchantman of the enemy, and, if it be found to carry contraband, either tow it into port or, when all on board are transferred to a place of safety, send it to the bottom. Germany's conduct in this matter has, by common consent, been in open and ruthless contravention of her solemn promises as recorded in the accepted treaties. And what apologies were offered? They may be boiled down in principle to three. Of these the first two are so absurd they can scarcely be meant seriously; and the third is, in a veiled form, only the astonishing plea of weakness above referred to. (1) It is said the treaty fixing the rule of search and capture is so old as to be obsolete. This involves the novel idea that treaties fade like cheap photographs in the light. Our treaty with France ceding us the Territory of Louisiana is more than twenty years older than the treaty in question. What should we think of the claim that France was now at liberty to repudiate it? On this principle the Declaration of Independence and the Magna Charta are automatically nullified beyond redemption! (2) It is said the invention of the submarine has modified the conditions of naval warfare. Doubtless. But it is unprecedented in the history of ethics or jurisprudence that the invention of a machine by which one could break the law with ease and convenience should be urged as a justification for so breaking it. The invention of revolvers greatly facilitated the project of murder, but the plea that that invention had "profoundly modified the conditions" of social intercourse would not accomplish much before a judge and jury.

There remains, therefore, only the third ground of justification, which ran as follows: The treaty demands that the unarmed ship be hailed and asked to surrender. The submarine is necessarily a slow boat, and if it stops to parley the prey escapes. But suppose the German submarine should succeed in stopping and searching the merchantman, and find contraband. It cannot tow the capture into port because Germany has no open port to receive it. On the other hand, the submarine is so small it cannot possibly take on the passengers and crew of the captured ship. The only alternative is to sink it at once with all on board. In other words, again, Germany is not powerful enough to get her large and swift naval units past the British blockade, and this was to exempt her from the promise to give due warning, or to rescue passengers and crew; she is not strong enough on the sea to keep her ports open, and this excused her from adopting the alternative of capture. This is a direct appeal for special dispensation on the ground of her insufficient strength. It is as if a man should claim the right to use a revolver in a boxing match because, forsooth, he could not defeat his opponent any other way! The idea that might makes right may be a brutal one, but this alternative is worse.

It is obvious that the Teutonic demand upon our country to discontinue shipments of arms and ammunition rests, at bottom, on the same form of logic. Indeed, it is so obviously a plea of weakness that Germany seems to have been too proud to take formal diplomatic responsibility for any representations on this point. She wisely let Austria do it. The whole point of the case is that our shipments benefit only one side. Why? Simply because the Teutons have not sufficient naval power to protect such commerce with them. As Austria has made no pretensions in naval armament, the plea does not sound quite so abject in coming from her. But the principle of it is unaltered by the change of signature.

Thus in a third instance a moral exception, a special dispensation of rights, a readjustment of universal obligation, has been invoked by a great nation on the ground of weakness—of its unfitness to survive in the established order of duty. Can that be the voice of the "War Lord" of Europe? Are all his conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils, sunk to this petty measure? The prerogative of power has given place to an inverted doctrine of survival—the defiant dignity of the superman to the quibbling desperation of moral weakness.

BENJAMIN W. VAN RIPER.

State College, Pa., October 13.

AMERICA FIRST IN 1783.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: There is a striking clause in the charter of a college in Virginia, the wording being due somewhat perhaps to the facts that the institution began business in 1776 and was chartered in 1783—under the very British name of Hampden-Sidney College, where the father of President Wilson was professor for a few years many years after. The words sound well, and the tradition is that Patrick Henry put them together: "That in order to preserve in the minds of the students that sacred love and attachment which they should ever bear to the principles of the present glorious Revolution, the greatest care and caution shall be used in electing such professors and masters, to the end that no person shall be so elected unless the uniform tenor of his conduct manifest to the world his sincere affection for the liberty and independence of the United States of America."

A. J. M.

Prince Edward Co., Va., October 15.

THE CHIEF CAUSE OF THE EASTLAND CALAMITY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR:

What we do assert is that if the officials who passed upon the subject had taken their stand sternly upon the principle that the lives of passengers must not be exposed to danger—that the margin of safety must be far greater than that afforded by the supposition of no lapse ever occurring in the care with which the ship was managed—the disaster never could have happened. And the reason that this was not sternly insisted on was that to do so would mean a heavy loss to certain

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particular persons who had invested their money in the ship, etc., etc.

In a recent number of the *Nation* I find a most timely and ably written article, entitled "The Chief Lesson of the Eastland Calamity," from which I extract the above quotation, which appears to have been provoked mainly by the general horror of the disaster attending the accident to the ill-fated steamer, and partly by the entangled statement of Capt. Eames, a former master of the vessel, in which he is represented as saying, that although "the ship itself was thoroughly seaworthy . . . she was cranky, like all lean-hull vessels, and required constant watching," etc.

The grave and important lesson the *Nation* appears to gather from the lamentable event, and the chief cause of the deplorable disaster, is attributable to what the writer finds to be a characteristic fault of the American people, in their "unwillingness to enforce strictly and unbendingly any general rule or principle, when such enforcement inflicts immediate pain or loss which it is disagreeable to contemplate, while the consequences of non-enforcement are remote and indefinite and may seem in the particular instance to be improbable."

The *Nation* declares that "the whole story of the Eastland's past indicates that the thought of danger was present, again and again, to the inspectors that allowed her to continue in that line of business," and significantly inquires: "Why did they dismiss this thought?" The pertinent and truthful conclusion is then reached, that the officials who passed upon the matter failed to take their stand sternly upon "the principle that the lives of passengers must not be exposed to danger, and the reason they did not do so was, because such a course would mean, *a heavy loss to certain particular persons, who had invested their money in the ship,*" etc., etc. And this faulty tendency in the American mind is illustrated by reference to the case of the murderer Holt, and to the atrocious conditions that led to the sinking of the Slocum.

The excellent editorial in the *Nation* suggests the opportunity to emphasize what the present writer considers the chief cause of the sad experience which befell the unfortunate Eastland, and which has directly, so the writer believes, contributed to many of the most appalling calamities occurring in navigation during recent years, particularly in American waters.

In this scientific and practical age the doctrine is no longer held by thoughtful people, that the evils inflicted on mankind are the result of any kind of providential dispensation, but they are regarded as largely attributable to personal carelessness, negligence, lack of foresight, or downright wilfulness. In the wisdom and experience of the ages, in order to provide remedies to correct such dispositions, and compensate those who are injured by them, certain rules of conduct have been evolved and formulated the principles of which are familiarly known as common law. These constitute the supreme social code governing all English-speaking people, and their wise and beneficent operation is everywhere acknowledged. Through prudent legislation these principles of the common law have been gradually modified in their governing power and tendency to correspond with the changes wrought by the growing wants of society, having always in view the greatest good to the greatest number. Along with these principles of the common law have appeared numberless forms of corporate enterprise, some of which have grown to such colossal proportions, they have succeeded in subordinating the general welfare to the dictates of their special interests and have secured the enactment of laws providing for their especial profit or advantage, at the expense of the general mass of mankind.

One of the wisest and most beneficial doctrines of the common law is that a ship-owner is liable, *in full,* for all damages caused by the negligence of his employees. And such is the general maritime law, as declared in Foster's Federal Practice, Vol. 2, p. 593. Yet the application of this profoundly wholesome doctrine has been entirely frustrated by the mal-legislation of the Congress of the United States and the Parliament of Great Britain, in which is illustrated, not merely the "unwillingness to enforce strictly and unbendingly" the general rule of the common law by the people of the United States and Great Britain, because such a course would mean a "heavy loss to certain particular persons, who have invested their money in ships," but from the confessedly deliberate design to favor ship-owners, to the detriment of all the rest of the world who become the victims of the negligence of such owners and those "who have invested their money in ships." The rule of the common law, relative to the negligence of ship-owners, was observed as the governing principle in all cases of navigation, up to March 3, 1854, when the Congress of the United States passed an act, avowedly designed to encourage shipping, by extending all possible protection to vessel-owners, entitled "An Act to limit the liability of ship-owners, and for other purposes." And the limitations of liability and exemptions contained in said act were enlarged by additional legislation by Congress, through the acts of June 26, 1884, and June 19, 1886, now embodied in sections 4282 to 4289 of the Revised Statutes of the United States. Similar provisions are contained in the English Merchants' Shipping act of 1894, 57 and 58 Victoria, chapter 60, in which ship-owners are limited in their liability to an amount calculated at a specified number of pounds per ton of the vessel, and considered in its entirety the English law is less favorable to the ship-owner and more disposed to the rights of shippers than the acts of Congress.

The origin and policy of this vicious legislation, which the *Nation* appropriately designates as a characteristic fault of the American mind, and which appears as a like affliction in the British disposition, is naïvely declared and explained by the late Mr. Justice Bradley, in the leading case of Norwich & N. Y. Transportation Company vs. Wright, 13 Wallace, U. S., 104, in which he says:

> The great object of the law was to encourage shipbuilding, and to induce capitalists to invest money in this branch of industry. Unless they can be induced to do so, the shipping interests of the country must flag and decline. Those who are willing to manage and work ships are generally unable to build and fit them. They have plenty of hardihood and personal daring and enterprise, but they have little capital. On the other hand, those who have capital, and invest it in ships, incur a very large risk in exposing their property to the hazards of the sea, and to the management of seafaring men, without making them liable for additional losses and damage to an indefinite amount, etc., etc.

The extreme wickedness of this iniquitous legislation, which the learned jurist laboriously endeavors to palliate by inept and honeyed sentiment, is not disclosed by the casual reading of the insidiously worded sentences, in which the draftsmen have striven in vain to clothe it. The following is a type of the general tenor and substance of the several enactments referred to:

> The liability of the owner of any vessel, for any embezzlement, loss, or destruction by any person, of any property, goods, or merchandise, shipped or put on board such vessel, or for any loss, damage, or injury by collision, or for any act, matter, or thing, loss, damage, or forfeiture done, occasioned, or incurred, *without the privity or knowledge* of such owner or owners, shall in no case exceed the *amount or value of the interest of such owners in such vessel, and her freight then pending.*

One would suppose, from the general reading of the act, that on the familiar principle of "respondeat superior" which runs through the common law of master and servant, or principal and agent, the negligence of the master and other officers of the vessel, whose negligence may be the proximate cause of loss of the vessel, or of loss of life or property occurring therefrom, would be attributed to the owners of the vessel. Now it is to protect the owners of the vessel from this beneficent provision of the common law that the atrocious Congressional legislation mentioned above was designed. The glaring evils resulting from such legislative enactments are not fully manifest, except when the courts attempt to apply their maleficent features to cases as they arise.

Upwards of one thousand persons, whose brief obituaries filled five pages of the Chicago *Tribune,* lost their lives through the evident criminal carelessness of somebody. That being the case, each personal representative of the several unfortunate victims of the accident would doubtless obtain a judgment for several thousand dollars against the owners of the vessel, and all the property of such owners be subjected to the payment thereof, but for the exemptions afforded the owners by the provisions of the act of Congress limiting the liability of the owners to the present value of the Eastland, which is comparatively worthless. In the proceedings to ascertain the causes leading to the dreadful destruction of life on the vessel, the general trend of the testimony shows that *knowledge* of the criminal negligence from which the accident is believed to have happened is not attributable to the *owners* of the vessel. Should this be the conclusion at the final hearing, then the damages accruing to the representatives of the thousand or more of unfortunate sufferers from the disaster can never be recovered from the owners of the Eastland, even in the face of the confessed negligence on part of the officers that caused the accident, although the possessions of the owners of the Eastland be reckoned in millions, except to the extent of the present value of the vessel, unless it can be shown that the owners had knowledge of its unseaworthy condition or knew of the negligence that caused its misfortune. These conclusions are deduced from the decision of the Supreme Court of the United States, in the trials of all the actions for damages resulting from the loss of lives in the destruction of the Titanic. And such has been the uniform judgment of the highest courts of the country, ever since the enactment of the unwise laws passed by Congress for the protection of ship-owners from the just and reasonable principles of the common law.

The unwarranted character of such legislative principles is further apparent when you undertake to apply them to other

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forms of business in which common carriers are engaged. For instance, in the case of a railway company, if loss of life or property occurred on one of its trains through the negligence of its employees operating the same, and the liability of the company should be limited by law to the value of the car on which the accident occurred, unless the company had knowledge of the negligence that caused the accident, would not such a law deserve and receive the fierce denunciation of every lover of justice? Would it not be universally recognized as an obvious discrimination in favor of the property rights of railway companies as against the lives and property of those entrusted to their care and custody? Does not such legislation esteem the property rights of the common carriers above the lives and property of those committed to their safe-keeping and transportation? Is not such legislation a direct encouragement to the carelessness of ship-owners, and does it not operate as a premium on their negligence?

There never was a more opportune time for the repeal of such obnoxious laws than that offered to the next Congress, by an amendment to La Follette's Seamen's act, which the shipping interests of the country are threatening to denude of its many chief merits.

EMMET W. BAGBY.

Paducah, Ky., September 10.

"WHILST."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Mr. William Lyon Phelps informs readers of the *Nation* for October 14 that "Englishmen almost invariably write 'whilst' and Americans 'while.'" To find out what evidence is at hand for this surprising statement, I turned to nine English books and two English magazines. I discovered an example of "while" in each, examples of "whilst" in only one.* My brief investigation did not convince me that "whilst" is as nearly dead in England as it is in America, but it did make me sure that "whilst" is not "all but universal in contemporary English books." The examples I happened upon are the following:

"While the gruel was arriving at maturity, she wrapped the covering," De Morgan, "When Ghost Meets Ghost," London, Heinemann, 1914, p. 523; "He was to go there at once, while the fine weather lasted," Trevena, "Arminel of the West," London, Alston Rivers, 1909, p. 206; "While he was at school he worked hard," introduction by "H. S." to "Lapsus Calami and Other Verses" of J. K. Stephen, Cambridge, Bowes & Bowes, 1912, p.v; "While companionably, all the way run the grass-grown cuttings," C. G. Harper, "Summer Days in Shakespeare Land," London, Chapman & Hall, 1912, p. 186; "While we discussed the thickening traffic—we heard," Kipling, "Actions and Reactions," New York, Doubleday, Page & Co., 1909, p. 149; "While carefully dropping some dilute carbolic acid . . . he found," Masefield, "Multitude and Solitude," New York, Mitchell Kennerley, 1911, p. 264; "The light had been turned out while Buggins was reading," Wells, "Kipps," New York, Charles Scribner's Sons, 1905, p. 140; "While one they eye," Hardy, "The Dynasts," New York and London, Macmillan, 1904, p. 7; "While waiting for that answer, it had become Mr. Pendyce's habit," Galsworthy, "The Country House," New York and London, Putnam, 1910, p. 162; "That beech is 'the beech where we saw the squirrel,' while yonder larch is the one we sheltered under,'" the *Spectator*, September 25, 1915, p. 394; "Mr. Harcourt remained an enemy of the British Navy . . . while he publicly gloried in his hostility to the Army," the *National Review*, October, 1915, p. 237.

H. CARRINGTON LANCASTER.

Amherst College, October 19.

*The *National Review*, October, 1915, one example p. 222, a second p. 225.

Literature

THE NEW EFFICIENCY.

Scientific Management: A History and Criticism. By Horace Bookwalter Drury. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $1.75.

Scientific management became a current term in 1910, when Louis D. Brandeis made his arguments before the Interstate Commerce Commission against an advance in freight rates proposed by the Western railways. By means of scientific management, he asserted, certain manufacturers had been able to combine high payments with a low cost of labor; he urged the railways to adopt similar methods and to refrain from seeking public support in their emergencies. The origin of the system of scientific management is commonly ascribed to the late F. W. Taylor, who, after preparing for college, went to work instead, and who in 1882 was made machine-shop foreman of the Midvale Steel Company of Philadelphia. The author of the present book traces the history of the movement from its inception in the mind of Taylor, as applied by different men in various industries, analyzes its distinctive features, and attempts an appreciation of its importance and probable future.

Taylor, like thousands of other men in a like position, was an energetic foreman, eager to get from his men the best work that they could render, and, like other foremen, wanting a greater output in a day's work than the workman was ready to give. Taylor was unlike other foremen in that he believed that it was possible to determine accurately, by research and experiment, the amount of work of which a man was capable, and proposed to obtain this amount and no less by suitable methods of payment. With the support of the corporation by which he was employed he was enabled to begin a series of extraordinarily elaborate investigations. The particular field in which he was most interested was that of metal-cutting by machine tools, such work as the turning of car axles in engine lathes. In this one branch of factory work he is said to have spent altogether twenty-six years of research and nearly $200,000 of money. In 1895 he read before the American Society of Mechanical Engineers a paper, "A Piece-Rate System," which embodied the results of his experience, and which marks an epoch in the development over a larger field of the practice of scientific management. The movement grew steadily from that time. Some of its exponents, notably Harrington Emerson, have declared their independence of Taylor's influence, but in general he was the source from which others (Gantt, Barth, Hathaway, Cooke, Thompson, Gilbreth) drew their inspiration and authority. Early in the present year it was estimated that the system of scientific management had been applied in some form to about eighty different industries and to hundreds of different plants.

Taylor's paper of 1895, as suggested by its title, made the wage system the crux of factory management. Men had no inclination to do their best when they were paid by the time. The system of payment by the piece, which appears to offer sufficient stimulus, had also failed in practice because piece rates were so generally cut when the daily output increased that the men had only their labor for their pains if they raised the speed of their work and the amount of their product. Devices such as profit-sharing and gain-sharing, intended to reconcile employers and laborers by an indefinite solution of the wage problem, had had but a slight success. Taylor followed a new course. He asserted boldly that it was possible by scientific methods to determine the work which a good man could do in a day. For this amount of work he proposed a generous wage. The danger of rate-cutting was obviated by the fact that the standard wage assumed a fair maximum of exertion; while the differential rate proposed by Taylor punished so severely the man who did not reach the standard that he would be eliminated and his place would be taken by a better worker. Taylor assured his hearers that the men who had been working under this system for the past ten years maintained an output far above that of the average wage-worker, and did so gladly because of the increased return which the system assured them.

The plan of the differential rate, which was accepted at the time as the most important contribution that Taylor had to make to the practice of shop management, fell into the background as the experience of succeeding years showed that other devices could be employed to stimulate workmen to do their best, and that under certain conditions even the old systems of day work or piece work, when they were handled by trained and far-sighted employers, met all needs. The tendency has been to emphasize not so much the demands of the employer as the aid which the employer could contribute to the effective performance of tasks. Taylor's idea that a task should be scientifically determined has remained fundamental. Motion study, involving the analysis by skilled observers of manual operations, has been so far refined that for some purposes even a stop-watch will not measure the small fractions of a second in which elements of the motion are distinguished. The object of such study has become, however, more consciously constructive. Workmen are carefully taught how they may accomplish most, in the shortest time and with the least fatigue. Pauses for

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rest are in some cases not only permitted, but enjoined. The greatest pains are taken to provide workers with effective tools and needed supplies. Every attempt is made to apportion tasks according to the inborn qualities of the laborers, so that each may apply his natural gifts to advantage. Finally, employers have been forced by the "efficiency experts" to examine critically not only their workmen, but also themselves, and to adopt far-reaching reforms in the ranks of controlling officials and the clerical force. The new type of factory, with its planning department, its careful routing of work in progress, its elaborate system of records and accounts, its standardization, and its "functional" or "line and staff" or "departmental" organization, is as different from the old as is the great army of to-day from the armies that antedated Frederick the Great and Napoleon.

The successes of scientific management were widely advertised at the time of the railway rate hearings. Some of its achievements appear astounding:

> The Tabor Manufacturing Company's product is now said to be worth two and a half times as much, and to be in quantity three times as great, as before the introduction of scientific management—this in spite of a reduction in the number of employees. The productive efficiency of the Link-Belt plant has been doubled. The Watertown Arsenal estimates were reduced by $240,000. In the cotton industry, productivity was increased enough to cover an advance of wages amounting to about 30 per cent. For the Ferracute Machine Company, the expense of doing a large number of jobs was reduced to 47 per cent. of what it had been, which equals a new productivity amounting to 213 per cent. of the old. Under scientific management the average individual handles quantities of pig iron equal to 380 per cent. of his former task. Yard laborers at Bethlehem (shovelling) increased their output to 368 per cent. Bricklayers perform tasks enlarged to 270 per cent. As many bicycle balls were inspected by 35 girls as had been handled formerly by 120. On the Santa Fé it was estimated that $1,250,000 was saved in one year.

Yet the system is only one factor out of many that influence the course of any business; and it is almost impossible to apportion exactly the credit that is due to it. The system appears in some cases to have worn out, to have lost the efficiency which was first ascribed to it. Factories in which the system was first applied present it no longer in its model form. The gains resulting from the effective application of scientific management in specific instances appear to be differentials, owing their existence to the relative inefficiency of competing plants, and lacking the promise of permanence; while there are obvious limitations to its introduction in many lines of work. It is commonly estimated that even now only 50,000 workers are subject to the system of scientific management; bolder estimates, ranging up to 200,000, leave still the great body of laborers unaffected. Some features of scientific management will certainly persist, but the system as a whole is still in the experimental stage, and the future before it is uncertain.

Some of the charges commonly made against the system of scientific management can readily be shown to be unfounded, or at least exaggerated. Men are not reduced to automatons because their movements are measured by the stop-watch; nor do they need to strain themselves to perform the tasks imposed upon them, when the system is intelligently applied. It is not impossible, though it is difficult, to reconcile the new system with the prevailing methods and objects of labor organization. Some benefits of the system, on the other hand, cannot be contested. It makes new openings in the higher grades of labor, both in the factory and in the office; it raises the wage of the workman. It has succeeded, up to the present, because it has won the approval not only of the capitalist employer, but also of the working class.

A number of books and a great many articles in periodical journals have been written on this topic of scientific management. Most of these have been technical; many have been decidedly partial. Nowhere else can the reader find what the author of the present volume gives him: a comprehensive history and appreciation of the movement, both scholarly and interesting, sympathetic yet also critical. The author treats the topic, as he says, from the "broadly-social" point of view. He lacks the authority of a technical expert in expressing judgments on matters which contain an important technical element, but he wins the confidence of the reader by his caution, by the industry which he has shown in the collection of facts, and by his evident desire to reach the truth. Economists and sociologists will be grateful to him for his contribution, and thoughtful readers, even though they have no professional interest in the subject, will still find the book well worth reading.

CURRENT FICTION.

The Way of These Women. By E. Phillips Oppenheim. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

Mr. Oppenheim turns here from international intrigue, somewhat staled now by actual use, to his earlier manner, and gives us a very readable detective story. Some of the details of the mystery will not perhaps bear severe analytic investigation, but the main point is that the full explanation of the mystery is kept concealed until the very end. It may be easy, by a simple process of exhaustion, for the astute reader to guess at the start who was the actual murderer of the Marquis of Lakenham—we note with delight that the blood spilled is of the bluest of the blue and not that of any plain John Smith or Harry Brown—and the emphasis that is laid on the noble marquis's reputation among the ladies may supply a hint for the motive of the crime; but the dénouement, when we find that each of two perfectly innocent people has thought all along that the other was the guilty person and that each has been heroically shielding the other—this, we confess, escaped our own eagle eye and we hasten to give credit to Mr. Oppenheim for his *tour de force*. He is ingenious, too, in fastening responsibility for the deception on a jealous woman, and to reward him for his ingenuity we consent to swallow without excessive gulping all the coincidence it must be admitted he sometimes administers in rather large doses. This volume is not representative of the author's best work, but it is a good story of its type, and we commend Mr. Oppenheim's perception of his public's appetite in realizing just now that it has all it wants of German diplomacy.

Straight Down the Crooked Lane. By Bertha Runkle. New York: The Century Co.

"The Helmet of Navarre" appeared in 1901, and at once swashbuckled its way to popular favor. (That was a great moment for the feminine practitioner of costume romance: Miss Johnston's "To Have and to Hold" had just scored an immense hit.) After her marriage three years later to Capt. L. H. Bash, of the United States army, the romancer wrote two stories of similar mould. She here casts aside her buckram and writes out of a considerable experience of social and garrison life in America and the Philippines. The product is a nondescript compound of social satire, mystery, and sentiment. A famous and fateful jewel, known as the Plassy diamond, is the pivot of the action. It has been looted from India by an Englishman, and whenever it passes out of the family keeping it carries a curse. At the time when the story opens it is in possession of a young Newport matron who has duly suffered on its acquisition, and is anxious to be rid of it. Consequently, old Nathan Thorpe is able to buy it to use as a bribe for the possession of his little daughter, who is in the custody of his divorced wife, now Mrs. Valentine. Mrs. Valentine refuses the bribe, and leaves him, on the verge of collapse, in her own library. There shortly afterward he is found dead. The box which has contained the jewel is in his pocket, but the diamond itself is gone. At the moment everything is as muddled as the best lover of detective fiction could desire. Anybody might have taken the gem, Mrs. Valentine, or her husband, or the little girl Loveday, or the dead man's brother, or some person unknown.

The weak thing about the rest of the story is that it goes on by fits and starts, now as a mystery yarn, now as a story of human life and character. The two things are almost irreconcilable; for though the writer of detective fiction professes to be studying human life, he is really concerned with a mechanism working independently of, and even in ways hostile to, real characterization. In order to carry on the present plot, the leading persons have to be false to the reasonable and attractive selves we are just getting acquainted with. Each of the

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Valentines, who have appeared a devoted and likable pair, at once jumps to the conclusion that the other has stolen the Plassy diamond. Neither suspects the other's thought. Valentine, with the fatuity of your mere hero, runs away to draw the bloodhounds upon his own trail. Mrs. Valentine is convinced of his guilt, and appears to suffer very little from her conviction. Of course, the game is to bring everybody together again, after all these years, and to clear up the mystery when the author and the reader have had enough of it. To effect this, Loveday marries an army officer, and finds the blameless fugitive, "Val," in the Philippines, and, shortly after, the missing jewel in Japan. All is explained and all is forgiven—a little too much by rote. The style of the book is superior to its matter. Mrs. Bash is capable of an excellent novel of manners if she were able to apply herself to it.

The Trail of the Hawk. By Sinclair Lewis. New York: Harper & Bros.

The exuberance of this book is the exuberance of youthful energy, and it is felt from cover to cover. The kaleidoscopic shifting of scene and incident follows naturally from the buoyant and adventure-loving personality of the hero.

We see him first as "a man of eight," directing the destruction of reckless mercenaries. In course of time he emerges from his rural environment at a little Northwestern college of extreme sectarian type, whence he is expelled for taking too loyal an interest in a revolutionary young professor who lectures on Wells, Shaw, and Socialism; he goes to Chicago and serves as packing-hand in a large department store, as chauffeur, and what-not; and finally runs away with a circus. From this point his fortunes take a sharp rise upward, literally following his entrance into the field of professional aviation—whence his nickname, "Hawk"—and his invasion of the East. The inevitable heroine enters with a girlish freshness equal to his own boyish high spirits, and the narrative moves along to a species of sustained *gaudeamus igitur*. Nor do the shocks and adventurings that have marked his career so far end with his marriage. All is not happy ever after. The new love has to compete before long with the old love of flying, which he had exchanged for a more prosaic method of making a living, but they save the day by fleeing from "stuffy marriage" together to the Argentine, happy once more in the glow of feeling "How bully it is to be living, if you don't have to give up living in order to make a living."

Mr. Lewis knows the scenes of which he writes, from Minnesota to Colon, and, without any pretence of putting all America into a novel, has succeeded in giving a truer picture of our puzzling United States than has been the fortune of more ambitious tales. This sane-eyed realism, combined with the book's genuineness of tone and its sparkling rapidity of movement, should win for it a multitude of interested readers.

A Maid of Old Virginia. By William Sage. New York: Fleming H. Revell Co.

The episode of Bacon's Rebellion contains promising material for the historical romancer: it has been handled without inspiration in this book. The author has had some experience in turning out the kind of thing! Very likely, he has found a safe recipe. To others than habitual users of the compound, it will prove a trifle insipid. Bacon the rebel and Colonel Berkeley the corrupt are the chief historical figures: their make-up and costume are passable, but their parts are rather crudely acted. The necessary element of personal adventure, the invaluable tincture of heart-interest, is injected into the merely historical situation through the persons and exploits of Jasper Mason, handsome and gallant youth, and lovely though lowly Deborah Lane. In short, we are here presented with a familiar and evidently marketable article compact of truth, mush, and melodrama. The dialogue is less absurd than is common in books of the type.

A NEW COMPENDIUM OF MODERN EUROPEAN HISTORY.

A History of Mediæval and Modern Europe for Secondary Schools. By William Stearns Davis, assisted by Norman Shaw McKendrick. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $1.50.

In a graceful dedication prefixed to the volume of his collected poems, Catullus compliments his friend Cornelius Nepos on the success of his endeavors to bring within small compass the history of all the ages (*omne ævum tribus explicare chartis*). This is what Mr. William Stearns Davis has attempted to do in the manual which lies before us, entitled "A History of Mediæval and Modern Europe." He does not take all the ages for his subject, for he begins in the fourth century A. D. But he has so much more ground to cover and so much a vaster mass of historical literature to abridge than Cornelius Nepos had, that his task of compression is incomparably more difficult. So difficult, indeed, is it to make interesting as literature a history which covers many centuries in few pages that a reviewer must not apply the usual standards of criticism. It would be absurd to complain that such a book contains no dramatic passages, no delineations of character, no train of philosophical reflections. For these things there is no room in 560 pages of small octavo. What is wanted is a clear, terse summary of the chief events; and the skill of the writer has to be directed towards selecting the events best worth emphasizing, and stating their connection in the fewest and simplest words. It is by these qualities, and, of course, also by accuracy, that the merit of such works as this is to be tried.

This book stands the test well. There are, however, several omissions, and here and there mistakes, a few of which we have noted. On an early page the Huns—Attila's Huns—seem to be described as "Tartars" (the word should be "Tatars"). There is very little to show what family of mankind the Huns belonged to, but the more general opinion is that they were probably Mongols, not members of the Tatar or Turkic stock. To say (p. 440) that the Code Napoléon "is still used to-day in many parts of Germany" is going too far. Is it used anywhere in that Empire except in the comparatively small area west of the Rhine? The praise bestowed (p. 443) on the University of Berlin as "the intellectual citadel of all the new nineteenth-century scientific and higher learning," even if intended to apply to German universities only, does some injustice to such other German seats of learning as Leipzig. The account (p. 470) of the war of Hungary against Austria in 1848-9 is hardly accurate, for it omits to inform the reader that Hungary had an ancient constitution of her own, and to speak of the "Germanized Vienna Government" seems to imply that the Vienna Government has been changed, whereas it had always been German. On p. 226 the reference to Vasco da Gama's voyage appears to ignore the earlier discovery of the passage round the Cape of Good Hope by Bartholomew Diaz. On p. 430 the mention of the dropping of his old imperial title by the Emperor Francis II in August, 1806, ought to have been explained by adding that some of the chief German states had already withdrawn from the Empire, and that Napoleon had already announced that he did not recognize its existence. At p. 540 a brief reference ought to be made to the great Bulgarian massacres by the Turks in 1876, as these were the real cause of the war which followed and in which the Russian arms liberated Bulgaria. A more serious omission is the absence of any reference to the annexation of Portugal by Philip II of Spain in 1580 A. D., and its liberation in 1640 by a revolt against Philip IV. Nor do we find any reference to the rise and growth of the Swiss Confederation, specially interesting as its history is to American students. The Swiss Cantons are first referred to in a note on p. 239.

These, however, are trivial matters in comparison with the general accuracy and completeness of the book. It purports to be intended as a textbook to be used along with oral teaching, and with a view to that aim suggestions to teachers are given, questions are placed at the end of each chapter to furnish a basis for the examination of the learner upon the points dealt with in the chapter, subjects are indicated on which exercises may be written, and a short list of books is appended to which both teachers and students may refer. All this is carried out in a workmanlike manner, and the author has wisely left himself space (gained by retrenchment upon topics of secondary interest) for dwelling pretty fully on matters of supreme importance, such as the career of Charlemagne, the struggle of the Investitures, and, above all, the French Revolution. These are treated with insight and judgment. In the last five chapters, which bring the story down to our own day, a

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laudable and on the whole successful effort has been made to treat controversial questions and issues still undetermined with due impartiality.

The illutrations are as a rule very well selected. Those which present scenes of mediæval life and the portraits of famous men are particularly useful.

POLITICS OF THE PRESENT.

The Underlying Principles of Modern Legislation. By W. Jethro Brown. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $2.25 net.

Professor Brown has written an able, even a brilliant, book. In a simple and refreshingly untechnical manner he has tried to analyze the basic conceptions of modern politics. He has the advantage of being, as an Englishman, in touch with the conservative aspect of modern legislation, while as a professor in an Australian university he is able to understand and, what is more, to sympathize with, the radical experiments of that fascinating democracy. The result is a volume which no student of modern political thought should neglect to read.

It is of the deepest interest to place this book side by side with Professor Dicey's superb lectures on "Law and Public Opinion in England." The point of view is essentially antithetic. The temperament of the writers is singularly reverse. Professor Dicey, looking back on the nineteenth century, agrees with Professor Brown in thinking that its main motif has been the gradual triumph of collectivist principles. He is doubtful of the wisdom of their application. He urges that they have led, and are leading, to the gradual enervation of individual initiative, to the transference to the state of functions that it is unable adequately to perform, with the result that, in M. Faguet's illuminating, if lugubrious, phrase, modern democracy to him becomes "a cult of incompetence" against which it is essential to raise an arresting hand.

Professor Brown is troubled by no such doubts. To him the evolution is natural and good. It shows the gradual acceptance of a social will as intrinsically superior in moral worth to the will of any individual. The state to him is not a substitute for personal responsibility, but, on the contrary, something very like the armed conscience of the community, pricking it into activity when it seems most likely to lapse into forgetfulness. The dangers which oppress Professor Dicey he does not deny; but he argues that they are the natural errors of a novel method of action to be cured by experience. He does not shrink from admitting the bigness of the issues involved. He sees the complex nature of the social problem. He insists that it is not to be solved by the iteration of any panacea, whether of Karl Marx or of Henry George. What he does believe is that when a nation—it is impossible to doubt that he is analyzing his Australian experience—consciously sets itself to the study of its difficulties, we have every ground for hopefulness. The action of the state is not to be deprecated, for the simple reason that the state is expressing the outcome of such collective thought.

We have principles that are growing from our facts—that is Professor Brown's main contention. We want not "natural" rights, but those "rights" without which the foundation of the state cannot be secure. We do not, to take his own example, urge the rightness of woman's suffrage on the ground that every human being ought to vote, because he or she is a human being. We urge it on the ground that the results of women's exclusion from the franchise lead us to believe that their inclusion is necessary. We are not socialists, he says again, except in the sense of Disraeli. We apply a piecemeal system of experiment. We try municipal or state ownership in various branches of industry. Sometimes we succeed, sometimes we fail; but in either case we draw our principle from the facts.

It is interesting to note that Professor Brown, while accepting the Gierke-Maitland theory of the state's "real" personality, yet does not doubt that it is a single, unified thing, necessarily transcending the discords of its elements. He declaims, for example, against those sections of the Australian people who believe on the one hand in strikes, on the other in anti-social monopolies, because each endangers the well-being of the whole. But here, as a fact, we think that Professor Brown is over-simplifying his problem. A rough generalization about Australian democracy would undoubtedly admit the reality of its unity at the present time. But, surely, it would urge also that this unity is due to the newness of the Commonwealth. Differences have hardly had time to develop. The emigration to Australia has mainly been that of a type similar to the original colonists. The burden of economic pressure has as yet been but little felt. No acute religious problem has divided public opinion. The best of unity, surely, will only come when Australia, like the United States, confronts the problem of absorbing half a hundred different peoples, each with a distinct, often un-American, tradition of its own. That test Australia has yet to face; and until she does, declarations of an inherent unity seem a little premature.

Not less interesting is Professor Brown's view of the nature of a democracy. In equality of opportunity he believes most firmly. But he is not one of those who, neglecting the obvious biological fact of variation, seek to gloss over the fact that men actually are born with differing capacities; and he therefore urges that it is those with the superior ability who should be invested with the function of government. His democracy, in brief, is an aristocracy by delegation. He thinks that the referendum and the initiative are, in fact, but political crutches, of use only until the most satisfactory method of representative government is obtained. Counting heads seems to him about as bad a method of government as removing them; the lyrical enthusiasm of Mr. U'Ren represents no more real democracy than the sinister essays of Robespierre. That is a valuable comment on the direction of Australian political ideas.

We may offer one or two criticisms in conclusion. The book needs an index; its absence is not compensated for by the analytical contents at the beginning. The introductory analysis of Anarchism would be improved if Professor Brown gave his quotations at first-hand, and not as citations from the handbooks of Zenker and Eltzbacher. Moreover, it is incomplete in so far as it neglects the "polyarchism" which thinkers like Maitland and Figgis have derived from the work of Gierke. Anarchism, at bottom, is, as Professor Brown realizes, an attack on the Austinian idol, and this most important of its developments necessitates a fuller treatment. Lastly, Professor Brown must know that Maitland did not, as he states on page 237, write a book on "The Service of the State."

ORIGINS OF AMERICAN INSTITUTIONS.

Holland: An Historical Essay. By H. A. van C. Torchiana. San Francisco: Paul Elder & Co. $1.25 net.

In common with those who have acquaintance at first hand with the archives of Holland and Belgium, this author, a lawyer in San Francisco and Consul-General of the Netherlands, believes that in American historiography and in popular notions there is much confusion of thought as to the origin of American institutions. His general thesis is that the framework of our national system is derived from old Holland, a republic, rather than from England, a monarchy. In his view the territory occupied by the four Middle States was the only portion of what is now the American Union which in their early history were politically homogeneous, that is, under one social and governmental system. These States have formed the centrum from which the full body of the nation has developed.

Almost every one of the salient features of our national Government is borrowed from the republic of the United Netherlands, the less desirable ones of the original model being rejected. Even in American pre-national and colonial days, "we find a certain unity of political ideas"—freedom of religious belief, proclaimed by William the Silent in 1577; "no taxation without representation," enunciated by the Netherlands in 1477; a comprehensive school system supported by taxation, easily traced in Holland to the thirteenth century and made general after the Reformation; written Constitutions, of which the Union of Utrecht, made in 1579, was one; and the supremacy of the judiciary, which in the Low Countries was a fixed principle in the time of Charles V. The fathers of the Constitution, dropping most of the peculiar features of political England, the throne, the State Church, primogeniture, and the financial and educational systems, adopted the ideas which the founders of American commonwealths, Pilgrims,

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Puritans, Anabaptists, Quakers, had brought from Holland. The common notion that our country is a New England instead of a New Europe, Mr. Torchiana ascribes to the tremendous influence of Diedrich Knickerbocker, the effect of whose "literary joke," as Washington Irving called it, surprised no one more than the genial humorist himself. Yet it is certain that this amusing caricature was taken seriously, not only by a learned German commentator on Thucydides, who quoted from Knickerbocker's "History of New York," adding Latin notes to prove his point, but even in America, as more than one history—made in New England—shows.

Mr. Torchiana devotes one chapter to Dutch Influence on Civilization, European and American, and another to The Direct Influence of the Netherlands on America. These show in detail the direct and vast importation from the Land of Grotius into the colonies of the little and great things which make up civilization. He has read other authors than Motley and Campbell, and gives an array of facts that are as a b c to those familiar with the Dutch language and documents, but are not yet considered as material for orthodoxy in American historiography. In the chapter on Holland's Attitude During the Birth of the American Republic, he recalls events that are strangely absent or absurdly subordinate in our school histories. In resistance to unlawful taxation, in organized revolt under the forms of law, in a declaration of independence, in abjuration of a prince considered a tyrant, in the experience of Federal Government—with the long conflict between State right and national supremacy—in ordaining a flag on which each stripe represented a State having, whether large or small, an equal vote in the national Senate, Holland furnished us vital precedents. These things, in Mr. Torchiana's view, were well known to our fathers, though now they are often forgotten. The historian who is critically familiar with the Dutch language and archives, and especially with the documents of the seventeenth century, has yet to appear in the United States.

The warp and woof of this Dutch lawyer's essay are not closely woven together, and the literary texture seems somewhat flimsy, but most of the facts cited are beyond question. Moreover, some of the most telling arguments for his thesis are not utilized. We may mention, for example, the constant supply, during our Revolutionary War, by the Dutch from St. Eustatius of most of the munitions used by the Continental army, including the very paper on which Thomas Paine wrote his soul-stirring appeals, and the loan of four millions of dollars, which paid our army at Newburgh in 1782, and which, when repaid in 1808, amounting, then, with compound interest, to fourteen millions of dollars, was used to develop over four millions of acres in western New York and Pennsylvania.

In arguing on the question of American political and social origins, there is danger of a partisanship like that of the late Douglas Campbell, from which Mr. Torchiana is not wholly free. Yet it is certain that Hamilton Madison, John Adams, and Benjamin Franklin were more familiar with the workings and defects of the living model of the Dutch Republic then before their eyes than are the statesmen and scholars of to-day. Moreover, while there are Dutch writers, who in Holland have made merry over the undue praise of their country by J. Thorold Rogers and Douglas Campbell, the serious historians, like Groen van Prinsterer, Motley's severest critic, and Prof. P. J. Blok, of Leyden, have acknowledged the substantial justice of assertions like those of Mr. Torchiana, by pointing out in detail ideas and institutions that existed in Holland long before they were known in England. The conscious debt of our fathers to the Republic may be summed up in what John Adams, a student on Dutch ground, wrote in 1780: "The originals of the two republics [Dutch and American] are so much alike that a page from one seems but a transcript from the other."

Notes

Walter Lippman's "The Stakes of Diplomacy" will be published shortly by Henry Holt & Co.

Moffat, Yard & Co. announce the forthcoming publication of "The Issues of Life," by Elwood Worcester.

"The Rhythm of Life," by Charles Brodie Patterson, and a revised and enlarged edition of "Opera Synopses," by J. Walker McSpadden, will be published shortly by the Thomas Y. Crowell Co.

The following volumes will be issued shortly by E. P. Dutton & Co.: Camille des Moulins," by Violet Methley; "Some Elderley People and Their Young Friends," by S. MacNaughton; "Between the Lines," by Boyd Cable; "Attila and the Huns," by Edward Hutton, and an English translation of the history of Tacitus, by George Gilbery Ramsay.

Included in the autumn list of the Macmillan Company, in addition to the volumes announced last week, are the following: Biography—"Henry Codman Potter, Seventh Bishop of New York," by George Hodges; "The Life of Clara Barton," by Percy H. Epler; "A Reverie of Childhood and Youth," by William Butler Yeats, and the fourth volume of the "Life of Benjamin Disraeli." History—"The Story of the American Merchant Marine" (enlarged edition), by John R. Spears. Philosophy—"The Problem of Knowledge," by Douglas Clyde Macintosh. Religion—"What is a Christian?" by John W. Powell. Science—"Who Is Insane?" by Stephen Smith; "Man: An Adaptive Mechanism," by George W. Crile, and "A Handbook of Weaves," by G. H. Oelsner, translated and revised by Samuel S. Dale. Music and Art—"A History of American Music," by Louis C. Elson (new edition), and "A History of American Painting," by Samuel Isham (revised edition). Mathematics—Volume I of "The Mathematical Theory of Probabilities and Its Application to Frequency Curves and Statistical Methods," by Arne Fisher. Medicine—"Diseases of Nutrition and Infant Feeding," by John Lovett Morse and Fritz B. Talbot; "Treatment of Acute Infectious Diseases," by Frank Sherman Meara; "The Criminal Imbecile," by H. H. Goddard; "Diseases of the Arteries, Including Angina Pectoris," by Sir Clifford Allbutt.

In "Matrimony" (Kennerley), John Trevena, by means of a lightly sketched narrative, gives concrete form to the full ceremony of betrothal and marriage as practiced by the mediæval Church. For his setting he employs the Dartmoor of his familiar choice, or rather its ancient prototype, home of a rude peasant life which hardly touches beauty and dignity except at the hands of mother Church. Young Anthonie and his Petronel are simply embodiments of youth and pure mating love. In a series of scenes painted with skilful if conscious artifice, the course of that love as ratified and blessed by religion is set forth. No moral is drawn in stated terms, but the writer's motive has evidently been to bring home to an age to which marriage is for the most part an arrangement the solemn beauty with which men in more childlike phases have invested it.

Mr. James Huneker, the author of "Ivory, Apes, and Peacocks" (Scribner; $1.50 net), was a critic of music, plays, and "art" in New York at about the time when Mr. Bernard Shaw was performing similar duties in London. The experience left its mark upon both of them. That was the period in which everybody was scintillating, and the only way to score was to coruscate. Unluckily, a trick like that easily becomes habit; hence our *ante bellum* spectacle of a group of stout or gray gentlemen being consistently startling for the glory of English letters. More than any other American of the generation, Mr. Huneker resembles them in brilliancy and skittishness of manner. His weakness for epigram, always irritating, is sometimes fatuous. What meaning in such pronouncements as "It is a holy and unwholesome idea to purge the mind every now and then"? If there is any functionary who ought to eschew the sprightly jingle of words, it is surely the critic. Here, too, we find extreme instances of the practice of carrying over terms from one art to another. So, although he apologizes for mixing his metaphors in saying of Strauss's Salome: "Very intense, an apparition rather than a human, she sounds the violet rays of eroticism," he can go on in the next breath: "The *tempi* were different from Campanini's—*i. e.*, the plastic quality of the reading gave us new colours, new scents, new curves." Ideas, the best of them, must be driven home with a sledge-hammer. For example, to enforce his preference for "pure music above impure," he must cry: "I dislike grand opera as a miserable mishmash of styles, compromises, and arrant ugliness"—an extravagance of terms which at once demands the confession, "I say this, knowing in my heart that nothing is so thrilling as 'Tristan and Isolde.' . . . So I'm neither logical nor sincere." Not a dryasdust critic, that is, but a creature of spontaneity, nature's child, flinging himself upon our bosoms and our kind indulgence.

This is all playfulness, of course, since, if any modern commentator sets store by his sincerity and the value of his opinions, it is plainly Mr. Huneker. His, if a soul adventuring, is a soul well equipped with maps and guide-books and knowledge of the experiences

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of other adventurers. As a critic of the contemporary, he is able to draw upon a surprising store of information. He writes of Dostoïevsky or Schoenberg, Lafcadio Hearn, or Puvis de Chavannes, as of persons with whose setting and atmosphere he has found time to become familiar. In papers of a more general nature, such as "Max Liebermann and Some Phases of Modern German Art," or "The Melancholy of Masterpieces," the range of his information is still more notable. But among all the varied treasures, the ivory, apes, and peacocks he has brought out of Tarshish, the most valuable are not the most dazzling. We get our utmost from Mr. Huneker, not when he is displaying his virtuosity and range, but when he is pinning himself down to the careful and serious study of a single writer, musician, or painter; or, it may be, of a single movement in art. Very characteristic, for example, is his swift and firm handling of the Futurists: "They emulate the innocence of the eye characteristic of the early painters, but, despite their strong will, they cannot recover the blitheness and sweetness, the native wood-note wild, nor recapture their many careless moods. They weave the pattern closer, seeking to express in paint a psychology that is only possible in literature. And they endeavor to imitate music with its haunting suggestiveness, its thematic vagueness, its rhythmic swiftness and splendor of tonalities. In vain. No picture can spell many moods simultaneously, nor paint soul-states successively within one frame. These painters have mistaken their vocation. They should have been musicians or writers, or handle the more satisfactory, if less subtle, cinematograph."

An Italian translation has appeared of the book on the war published under the direction of Baudillart, rector of the Catholic Institute of Paris, and under the patronage of the Catholic Committee of the French Propaganda. The title is "La guerra tedesca ed il cattolicismo." The introduction is by Cardinal Amiette, Archbishop of Paris. The chapters which follow were written by different authors who, according to the Cardinal, are men of sure doctrine, absolute fidelity to the Church, whose competence is indisputable and whose documentation is sound. Their object is to show how Germans have violated Christian law. The thesis is illustrated by reference to atrocities committed in Belgium and France, especially to the cruelties inflicted on Catholic priests. Cardinal Amiette quotes the words of the Cardinal Archbishop of Malines concerning France, which "remains faithful to her age-long part as the custodian of law and the protectrice of civilization."

A monument to Edouard Rod was unveiled at Nyon on the 8th of September. In the distinguished company present, besides Rod's widow and children, were representatives of the Swiss universities; Doumic and Faguet, of the French Academy; Dr. Hill, former American Ambassador at Berlin; the Russian Minister, and the principal newspaper editors of French Switzerland. The monument consists of a large bench of pink Baveno granite upon which, in relief, are a profile bust of the author, the titles of his best-known writings, and allegorical figures symbolizing the several periods which have been traced in Rod's literary evolution. This idea of development is expressed with poetic feeling, but it may be doubted whether it corresponds to the logical requirements of sound criticism. The memorial bench is placed against an old gray wall, and faces the blue lake, the jagged summits of the Alps, with Mont Blanc towering in the distance. It is a place in which Rod spent much of his boyhood. The principal address at the unveiling was by Professor Bouvier, Rod's successor in the chair of French literature at Geneva. It was very long, very diffuse, without a very successful analysis of Rod's moral and literary power. Lecomte, president of the "Société des gens de lettres," also spoke, and a letter from Paul Bourget was read which in a few words comprehended more than the speeches did. Possibly out of deference to the audience with its French sympathies, considering the state of feeling in Europe, hardly any reference was made to the deep impression made upon Rod by German authors, especially by Goethe and Schopenhauer. On the contrary, too much emphasis was laid on what Rod owed to Zola. Undoubtedly he admired Zola, and in his earlier years defended the realism of the French author, but the impression made was faint and fleeting. Rod's memory is greatly revered in Switzerland, and his refusal to be naturalized in France in order to become one of the Immortals is not forgotten: "J'aime tant la France, mais je suis né Suisse et je mourrai Suisse."

It rarely falls to the lot of an historian to revise and put forth an amplified edition of a work which he first published half a century before. This has been Mr. W. Carew Hazlitt's happy fortune, although he did not live to correct the final proofs of his latest *rifacimento* of "The Venetian Republic: Its Rise, Its Growth, and Its Fall, A. D. 409-1797" (Macmillan; 2 volumes, $12). It was in the late fifties that he issued, after hasty preparation and with no profound knowledge, his earliest book on the Venetian Republic. His third edition of this work, very liberally expanded, came out in two large volumes in 1900. Still not satisfied, Mr. Hazlitt kept on accumulating material and left at his death the manuscript for the present fourth edition. He has added about 350 pages to his volumes, making a total of over 2,000 pages. He finds the substance of his additions mainly in topics concerning the manners, customs, morals, and art of Venice. To these he devotes more than a third of his work. The result is that nowhere else in English is there so ample and comprehensive an account of Venetian civilization. Everything is included, from a description of the dower caskets of brides to that of the great pageants of state. Hazlitt's book may truly be regarded, in this respect, as an encyclopædia of Venetian life.

The publication of Pompeo Molmenti's expanded version of his "Venezia nella Vita Privata" furnished Hazlitt with much material; but he has also kept watch on the uninterrupted stream of articles and monographs on special points in the life of the republic. His general interpretation of Venetian history, modified somewhat between his first edition and his third, is well known. In the main, he seems to the present reviewer more valuable for his treatment of episodes than for his grasp on historical development. But Hazlitt's work will probably remain for a long time what it is now, a most comprehensive storehouse of information on all matters Venetian. His untiring industry, his zeal, unchilled at four-score years, his insatiable curiosity, the range of his interests, and the real worth of his criticism give him a permanent place among the few notable historians of Venice.

Mr. Albert Matthews, an indefatigable searcher for truth in the byways and hedges of New England history, has taken advantage of a blunder made by President Roosevelt in 1907, when the latter in delivering an oration on the soil of the Old Colony failed to mention the Pilgrim Fathers under that designation, but spoke of them always as Puritans, to investigate the history and usage of the term. The result of his inquiry occupies about one hundred pages of print, large and small, in the Publications of the Colonial Society of Massachusetts, and has been issued separately (Cambridge, Mass.: J. W. Wilson & Son). In tracing the history of the term, Mr. Matthews reviews in great detail the proceedings at the Plymouth and Boston celebrations of Forefathers' Day, from their beginnings in 1769 and 1772, and finds not only what he seeks, but also a great deal that is interesting to the student of New England politics. The net outcome of his investigation may be summed up as follows: The term Pilgrim did not first appear in the ode read by Judge John Davis at a Plymouth celebration in 1794, as is frequently stated, having been introduced into a revised version of that poem at some time between 1835 and 1846. It is found, however, specifically applied to a first settler, in "an elegant and patriotic ode" entitled "Heirs of the Pilgrims" read by Thomas Paine at a Boston celebration in 1798. From Heirs or Sons of the Pilgrims to Pilgrim Fathers is a short step, and was taken by Samuel Davis, when in 1799 he read to the gathering at Boston a poem containing the line, "Hail, Pilgrim Fathers of our race." At Plymouth the term was introduced by Judge Davis in an oration delivered at the celebration of 1800. A Pilgrim Society was proposed in 1807, changed to the Old Colony Pilgrim Society in 1819, but incorporated under the first title in 1820.

Having thus established the fact that the terms Pilgrims and Pilgrim Fathers, as used in American history, were unknown until the closing years of the eighteenth century, Mr. Matthews proceeds to trace the origin of the terms, and follows their pedigree back through the writings of Robbins, Hutchinson, Mather, Morton, and Bradford to the departure from Leyden in 1620. He shows that, though at first applied to the passengers on the Mayflower, they had come to signify by 1800 any early settler of Plymouth or Massachusetts Bay. A reaction, however, took place, and later an effort was made to restrict their use to the Plymouth colonists. "This restriction," says Mr. Matthews, "is recognized at the present time only in the Old Colony itself," a conclusion he seems to contradict two pages farther on, when he writes: "At the present time by the terms are generally meant the passengers who came in the first four ships," 1620-1623, a statement that represents more correctly than the first the present attitude of historical scholars. The remainder of Mr. Matthews's paper is devoted to a brief consideration of the distinction between Pilgrim and Puritan, a subject to which he proposes to return at another time, as he is not satisfied that such a distinction exists. His paper is interesting, though rendered confusing to the reader by elaborate footnotes and an excessive amount of quotation in fine print.

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A new two-volume edition of the poems of Keats, with a preface by Sidney Colvin (Brentano's; $5 net), is designed for "lovers of beautiful poetry beautifully printed." The arrangement is chronological, except that twenty-four pieces are placed in an appendix under the heading, "Verses Jocular or Trivial." The printers have used an old-style antique type on a broad, very white page, without glaze; but have not in all cases succeeded in making the printed lines on opposite sides of the leaf coincide. Owing to the use of the Oxford Keats as source of the text, this edition once more makes nonsense of a metaphor in "Sleep and Poetry." After the passage rejoicing in the revival of the "sweet music" of English poetry, Keats continues, apparently thinking chiefly of Byron,

> These things are doubtless: yet in truth we've had
> Strange thunders from the potency of song;
> Mingled indeed with what is sweet and strong
> From majesty: but in clear truth the themes
> Are ugly clubs, the Poets Polyphemes
> Disturbing the grand sea.

So the passage was printed in the "Poems" of 1817. Keats had remembered the "huge club" which Polyphemus kept in his cave, and had substituted it for the rocks which he hurled at the ship of Ulysses. But Lord Houghton printed "cubs" instead of "clubs," and the error has received further currency by its appearance in the several editions of H. Buxton Forman, who indeed corrected it among his Errata in 1889, but has allowed it to reappear in his later one-volume editions. Professor de Selincourt is the only one of Keats's editors who has recorded both readings, with suitable comment. The point is a small one, but illustrates once more that misprints die hard. The present edition is in general worthy of the distinguished work of the Florence Press, by which it is issued.

Laymen as well as lawyers will find President Charles H. Stockton's "Outlines of International Law" (Scribner; $2.50 net) an interesting as well as an instructive handbook. The author is well qualified for his task. Not only has he published much upon the laws and usages of naval warfare, but he has had occasion, as an officer rising through successive grades to the rank of rear-admiral, to put his theory into practice. Moreover, he has represented the United States at various conferences and in important positions. President Stockton recognizes and attempts to meet the demand for a "treatise on international law that is abreast of the times," but he is fully aware of the novel questions which have been raised in the present war. Some of them he strives to answer, but others had not appeared when his book was published. For example, no allusion is made in these pages to the attacks of submarines on unarmed vessels, and no intimation is given of any legal right on the part of such warships to sink an enemy's merchantman and put non-combatant passengers and crews to the hazard of saving themselves as best they can. The rules of international law seem to require the seizure of merchant vessels, under normal circumstances, and the adequate safeguarding of their crews and passengers. Five appendixes add to the value of the text. The most important are those containing the "Convention for the Pacific Settlement of International Disputes" and the "Declaration of London concerning the Laws of Naval Warfare" with the report thereon to the International Naval Conference of 1909.

Drama

NEW PRODUCTIONS IN LONDON—GEORGE EDWARDES AND MUSICAL COMEDY.

By WILLIAM ARCHER.

London, October 7.

So far as the theatre is concerned, it may certainly be said that England's need is America's opportunity. Putting musical plays and mere transpontine melodrama aside, there are at present ten London theatres appealing to what may be called the reasonably intelligent public; and of these five are occupied by American plays. Beside two great English successes, "Quinneys'" and "The Man Who Stayed at Home," we may place two still greater American successes, "Potash & Perlmutter" and "Peg o' My Heart." The American detective play is represented, on its melodramatic side, by "Kick In"; on its humorous, not to say farcical, side by "The Dummy." "On Trial," after a good run, has recently disappeared from the bills; but last night witnessed a new importation in the shape of Mr. Edward Sheldon's "Romance." It is pleasant to record that Miss Doris Keane made a great and incontestable success, while the play was accepted as an adroit and intelligent piece of work, though one would be sorry to regard it as the best that can be looked for from the author of "Salvation Nell" and "The Nigger."

Apart from "The Big Drum," there has been only one English production this autumn of the slightest pretensions. The author of "The Ware Case," at Wyndham's Theatre, is announced on the playbill as "George Pleydell"; but there is no secret about the fact that he is really Mr. George Pleydell Bancroft, son of the manager and manageress, who were in many ways the true pioneers of the dramatic revival. At the old Prince of Wales's Theatre they produced in the sixties the comedies of T. W. Robertson, and after Robertson's death they fell back, in the seventies, upon elaborately mounted and admirably acted adaptations of Sardou. The family tradition is strong in Mr. "George Pleydell"; but, unfortunately, it is the Sardou, not the Robertson, strain that he has inherited. He has Sardou on the brain and in the blood; and in "The Ware Case" he has produced a reasonably interesting detective play, marred, on the side of character and emotion, by Sardoulsh superficiality and insincerity.

There is a certain originality in the conception of Sir Hubert Ware. He is a Wicked Baronet, indeed, but not quite of the ordinary type. Though absolutely devoid of moral scruples, he is superficially charming, amiable, and generous. Everybody likes him except those who know him well. He has made his wife miserable by his flagrant infidelities; he has gambled away all his fortune, and he tries to possess himself fraudulently of a few thousand pounds belonging to Lady Ware. Baffled in this by the intervention of a great lawyer who chivalrously adores the much-wronged lady, Sir Hubert sees only one means of escape from disaster. His wife has a younger brother, a contemptible worm of a boy, to whom their father has left almost all his huge fortune. If the boy were out of the way, the money would revert to Lady Ware; so Sir Hubert, watching his opportunity while Master Eustace is bathing, knocks him on the head with an oar, so that he sinks and is drowned. For some months the murder is undiscovered. Lady Ware pays her husband's debts, but, his conduct in nowise improving, she announces to him that she will no longer live in his house. Immediately on the heels of this final breach between them, the minions of the law arrive to arrest Sir Hubert on suspicion of having murdered his brother-in-law; and here, where the interest of plot begins, the interest of character unfortunately breaks down.

From the first, Lady Ware has not particularly cared for her husband, and she has long seen through his superficial amiability and realized his utter worthlessness. She cordially detests him, and has just told him so in the plainest terms. But the accusation of murder causes the most amazing revulsion in her feelings. Had Romeo been arrested for the slaying of Tybalt, at the moment of his descent from Juliet's chamber, the new-made bride could not have "taken on" more tragically than does Lady Ware. We cannot but ask ourselves: if she is so heartbroken over the arrest of a man she abhors, what would she do if a similar misfortune overtook a man she loved? The whole treatment of the situation is thoroughly false. That she should believe him innocent and try her best to save him is probable enough—not that she should throw herself into his defence with a frenzy of conviction that could not have been surpassed if he had been the most admirable man and adorable husband in the world. The position, in itself, is interesting enough. Many answers might be given to the question: what would a woman do under the circumstances? Mr. Pleydell, for the sake of giving his heroine some strongly emotional and "sympathetic" scenes, has picked out the one thing she certainly would not do; and this falsity vitiates all the latter half of his play.

The third act consists of the trial scene, fairly well staged, but not to be compared with the trial scene in Mr. Galsworthy's "Justice," as mounted by Granville Barker. Of course, Sir Hubert is defended by Lady Ware's chivalrous adorer: that is imperatively demanded by the Sardou tradition. It so happens that, immediately before the murder, a broken-down jockey called to beg Sir Hubert to assist him, and Sir Hubert, in his good-natured way, gave him the last five-pound note he had in the world. This man now comes forward and perjures himself gallantly in his benefactor's defence,

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with the result that he is acquitted by the skin of his teeth. The jockey's examination and cross-examination are interesting enough, and the trial as a whole is not ineffective. But now it is Sir Hubert's turn to develop unexpected and bewildering traits of character. Hitherto we have taken him for a born criminal, brazen, insouciant, stoical, and without a nerve in his body. But behold! no sooner does he come home after his acquittal than his nerve utterly breaks down, he drinks too much champagne, and, becoming next door to a gibbering maniac, confesses his crime and takes a dose of prussic acid. Surely, the last act demanded both by logic and by human nature was utterly different from this, and immeasurably more effective. It might run somewhat as follows: Lady Ware and her Bayard barrister have done their best for Sir Hubert and got him off, thereby placing an insuperable obstacle in the way of their high-minded affections. Sir Hubert comes home, and his wife, in view of the ordeal he has gone through, feels that it is perhaps her duty to try to forget the past and begin a new life with him. The scene of quasi-reconciliation between them might be most interesting. Then some incautious word of Sir Hubert's should reveal to her his guilt; or, perhaps—though this would be more commonplace—the jockey should enlighten her by turning up to claim the reward of his hard swearing. What the actual end should be we need not speculate; but I am sure that even Sardou would not have been content with so simple a solution as making Sir Hubert break down, get drunk, and blab.

I do not know whether the name of the late George Edwardes was familiar to the American public, but many of his productions were as successful on your side as they were here. He used to say that he looked to the provinces and America to recoup him for the very heavy initial outlay involved in his system of management, which left him a very small margin of profit on the London run of his "shows." His career illustrates the obvious and yet often neglected fact that, when a form of art is at the same time an article of commerce, it must always tend to express the tastes and predilections of the man whose commercial ability gives him the control of the machine. In the theatrical trade there are fortunately a good many men who combine business aptitude with an honest preference for the better class of work, and an ambition to do the best of which circumstances will allow. If this were not so, the state of the theatre would be parlous indeed. The late Mr. Charles Frohman, though his tastes were not fastidious, was a "sportsman" after his fashion, willing and eager to experiment in every type and grade of play. But Mr. Edwardes confined himself to one type of play—the light musical production—and he impressed it with the stamp of his own personality and his own limitations. He approached the theatre entirely from the business—the box-office—side. He began as business manager for Mr. D'Oyly Carte in the early days of the Gilbert and Sullivan successes. Then he went over to Mr. John Hollingshead at the Gaiety, a cynical and rather futile impresario, who was fond of comparing his trade to that of the cheesemonger, and therein flattered it rather than otherwise. The "Gaiety burlesque" which Mr. Edwardes found in possession of the field was an appallingly inept form of entertainment, which subsisted entirely on the talents of a little group of comedians and on the pink silk fleshings which were then the statutory garb of the chorus. The dominance of this form of "art" had been seriously shaken by the vogue of Gilbert and Sullivan, and Mr. Edwardes, on coming into power, swept it away altogether. So much must be accounted unto him for righteousness, though he probably did nothing more than recognize, what was pretty patent to everybody, that the "leg show" had had its day. What share he took in the actual invention of the form of entertainment which superseded it, I do not know, and perhaps no one does. Certain it is that, in the early nineties, the so-called "musical comedies" took possession of the stage, and maintained their popularity for something like fifteen years. It is with this form of entertainment that the name of George Edwardes will always be associated in the footnotes to theatrical history.

Meilhac and Halévy had to some extent anticipated "musical comedy" in "La Vie Parisienne"; but it is not to be supposed that the librettists of the nineties went so far back for their inspiration. Indeed, when it was decided to put the chorus into skirts instead of tights, the idea of presenting them in gowns of modern cut, though of somewhat accentuated color, lay ready to hand. And that was the "differentia" of the type. It purported to present scenes of modern life—fast life for preference—with an intermixture of songs and dances, and with a "beauty chorus" always in evidence. Now, this was in itself a far from unpromising form. It might have been made the medium for a delightful intermixture of satire, fantasy, comedy, farce—nor need imagination and poetry have been entirely excluded. But nothing was further from the thoughts of Mr. George Edwardes and the band of librettists and song-writers whom he gathered round him. Most of the song-writers were clever versifiers—W. S. Gilbert had banished forever the unspeakable doggerel which too often did duty for verse before his appearance. But this was practically the only merit that musical comedy could claim. Its plots were inept, and usually dropped out of sight before the first act was half over. If there was any invention in the pieces, it was that of the individual comedians, each of whom worked up his little "stunt" with no thought of proportion or coherence. The form, in short, became the servile, if somewhat exaggerative, mirror of the higher vulgarity. The life it portrayed was that in which its purveyors delighted—how, then, should they dream of satirizing it?

And Mr. Edwardes is now being lauded by all his biographers for his incomparable instinct for "what the public wants"! A more fallacious eulogy it would be hard to imagine. He gave the public what *he* wanted, and never gave it a chance of seeing anything better. That his entertainments were excellent of their kind is not to be denied. What money and a certain order of taste could do for them, he did. He paid high salaries to clever comedians, and he crowded his stage with beautiful and graceful women, who were sometimes not without talent. When one compares the chorus of the modern musical play with the choruses of thirty years ago, one is inclined to wonder whether there has not been a marked improvement in the average physical type of the young Englishwoman. If I cannot quite join in the current panegyrics on Mr. Edwardes's genius, it is certainly not that I am a *laudator temporis acti*. All I say is that if Mr. Edwardes had been able to conceive and create a higher order of entertainment, there is nothing whatever to show that his public would not have accepted it with enthusiasm—as they did the Gilbert and Sullivan operettas. By wholly omitting the factor of intelligence and invention, he forced himself to maintain the popularity of his wares by an ever-increasing expenditure upon luxurious mounting, which ended by making "musical comedy" almost impossible. If his intelligence had equalled his business sense and his eye for spectacle, he would have been far more successful than he actually was.

"OUR MRS. McCHESNEY."

The dramatization of Edna Ferber's McChesney stories, made by the author and George Hobart, if it has not resulted in a very skilful play, has at least been so contrived as to furnish an evening's cheerful amusement (Lyceum Theatre). The managers must also be congratulated upon their choice of Miss Ethel Barrymore for the principal part—that of a travelling saleswoman who, because of her skill in disposing of petticoats made by a New York firm, eventually becomes a partner, and then a partner for life, of her former employer. Seldom has she been seen to better advantage. In her acting there has always been a certain colloquial quality, sprung of American soil, and here it is entirely in keeping with the rôle she has to fill. She is called upon to enact a pretty, girlish widow in the late thirties possessed of what, in the hands of a less qualified actress, might easily degenerate into bluffness. For she must meet buyers on their own grounds, charm them and convince them. This she does, and yet by her prettiness and grace succeeds in lifting the part into a most winning atmosphere.

The story itself is not particularly new on the American stage. It suggests at a distance "Get Rich Quick Wallingford" and "Potash & Perlmutter." The usual lingo and appurtenances of salesmanship are present, also the severe crisis before the final triumph. The humor is, too, very often of the sort which has found a growing place in American plays, and merely follows the formula represented in such a remark as, "The way she gets around makes the hustle of

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Chicago seem like a prayer-meeting." Only occasionally do comparisons of this exaggerated type bring a laugh, probably because it is recognized that they are exceedingly easy to contrive, once one abandons one's mind to it. But when so much reservation is made, the play may be commended for its wholesome lightheartedness and entertaining situations.

Miss Barrymore was ably assisted by William Boyd, Donald Gallaher, Lola Fisher, Gwendolyn Piers, and W. H. St. James.

F.

"QUINNEYS'."

With this entertaining comedy, which was produced in London last spring and has met there with conspicuous success, Horace Annesley Vachell, already well and favorably known as a writer of fiction, made his first appearance as a dramatist. The change of métier is unusually successful. Mr. Archer, writing from London of the piece in the *Nation* of May 20, said: "'Quinneys'' is easily the best play of a bad season, and even in a good season would take more than respectable rank." Subsequent success in London and the warm welcome accorded to the play last week on its first production in New York at Maxine Elliott's Theatre amply confirm Mr. Archer's opinion.

The chief merit of the play is as a study of the principal character, Joseph Quinney, a Yorkshireman wholly without education, but become through sheer force of native talent a leading authority on antique furniture. The interest is, however, by no means confined to character. The plot is slight and exceedingly ancient—the love affair of an employee with his master's daughter—but by means of a technical skill which is remarkable in an author's first play the interest is sustained undiminished through all four acts, while every character, with perhaps one exception, is clearly delineated and presents a definite personality. The plot turns on the discovery, announced by James Quinney's foreman, that some Chippendale chairs, which Quinney has bought and resold as genuine, are clever imitations, and the old Yorkshireman immediately suspects his employee of a design to blackmail him. The secondary plot, provided by the faked chairs, is dovetailed into the main love story with uncommon skill, the only weak feature being the character alluded to, Quinney's typist, a jealous woman, who contributes, indeed, both to the development of the plot and to the exposition of Quinney's character, but is herself a somewhat nebulous creation. It is possible that an actress of uncommon talent might raise this part in point of interest to a position corresponding with that held by the other rôles, but it must be conceded that the author has set the interpreter a difficult task.

The play on the whole is excellently acted. Frederick Ross, using a broad Yorkshire accent, brings out well the essentials of Quinney's character—his naïve vanity in his success and confidence in his own infallibility, his devotion to his antiques to the partial exclusion of more human affections. Susan, Quinney's wife, whose meek subjection of a lifetime to her blustering lord and master is suddenly changed, when the question of her daughter's happiness is involved, to timid but determined revolt, is cleverly interpreted by Miss Margaret Watson. Miss Peggy Rush is altogether charming as the daughter, Posy, and Cecil Fletcher, as James, is a personable lover. Arthur Grenville is amusing in the character part of Sam Tomlin, an unscrupulous dealer in antiques and a good foil to the honorable Quinney, and minor rôles are adequately played. The essentially English atmosphere of the piece may possibly prevent it from equalling in New York the success which it has enjoyed in London, but the genuine interest of the character drawing and the broad humanity of Mr. Vachell's play should insure an appreciative reception. "Quinneys'" is the pleasantest importation from London which we have seen for some time.

S. W.

"ALONE AT LAST."

There is certainly hope for the future of light opera when the same early month of a theatrical season sees the production of two operettas of the calibre of "The Princess Pat" and "Alone at Last," the latter produced last week at the Shubert Theatre. The music is by Franz Lehar, of "Merry Widow" fame, and the book is "freely adapted" from the German "Endlich Allein" by Edgar Smith and Joseph Herbert. It is improbable that any particular virtue has gone out of the piece in the process of adaptation, and it is safe to assume that for the hackneyed plot and the not very inspiring dialogue the original authors must assume equal responsibility with the adapters. The plot for itself is hardly worth recording—an American heiress falls in love with an Alpine guide, who is really an Austrian baron in disguise—but the point to notice is that the plot, whatever it may be worth, is made to shoulder the burden of carrying the piece through to a successful conclusion. If our librettists and producers can be brought to an understanding of the importance of this matter, it is probable that in time, deprived of the aid of adventitious "stunts," they will be driven to the composition of plots and dialogue that amount to something.

Franz Lehar's music, always tuneful and at times rising almost to the heights of grand opera, is a pleasant relief from the reminiscent insipidity of most musical comedy. It has, furthermore, the advantage of being rendered by an exceptionally capable orchestra, under the direction of Gaetano Merola, while the two principal rôles are interpreted by singers of unusual musical ability, Madame Namara, who sings the principal soprano part of Dolly Cloverdale, and John Charles Thomas, who not only has a well-trained and sympathetic high baritone voice, but reveals considerable talent as an actor. On the histrionic side it cannot be said that Madame Namara is particularly successful, but failure in this respect is compensated for by vocal excellence. Humor is supplied by Harry Conor and Roy Atwell. To the credit of the latter, as part author and recitationist, must be accorded the most genuinely amusing number that we have heard in recent light opera. It bears the pleasing title "Some Little Bug Will Find You Some Day."

S. W.

In spite of the excellent acting of George Nash and Lenore Ulrich, who are the protagonists in "The Mark of the Beast," written by Georgia Earle and Fanny Cannon, and presented at the Princess Theatre, the performance may be dismissed in a few words. It is one of those dramas of sex in which the parade of the unpleasant finds no compensation in a vital representation of life. The situations grow out of highly special circumstances, with the result that the dramatic atmosphere is anything but purged at the end; and, besides, the construction of the play is markedly amateurish.

In the same class, though of less merit, belongs "Mrs. Boltay's Daughters," a drama in three acts, adapted from the Hungarian of Eugen Heltai, which had its opening performance on Saturday at the Comedy Theatre. The daughters are four in number, ranging in age from sixteen to the late twenties, and the oldest, with the approval of her mother and two of her sisters, has supported the family since the father's death by being the mistress of a rich diplomat in Washington. The plot need not be indicated further, for the play, at least in its new American setting, seems wholly unreal and preposterous. The acting of Mr. Hunter and Miss Walker was much above the ordinary.

Music

GODOWSKI, PADEREWSKI, AND OTHERS

Leopold Godowski was the first of the famous musicians now assembled in this country to give a recital this season. Born in Russia, he made the United States his home for some years, but finally went to Berlin because so many American students of music preferred seeking lessons of him there to taking them in New York or Chicago. He is in some ways the most astonishing of pianists; his digital dexterity is so bewildering that one who should happen to hear but not see him might fancy he must have at least three hands. Glorying in this extraordinary deftness, he played on this occasion one of Chopin's études (op. 10, No. 6), which most pianists find difficult enough for two hands, in his own version for left hand alone. Heaping Pelion on Ossa, he has made a practice of combining two of Chopin's études, weaving them together cleverly—yet one cannot but wish he had not done this. In his "Symphonic Metamorphoses" of a Strauss waltz he plays the most amazing contrapuntal tricks. When he performs a Beethoven or a Chopin sonata one misses the emotional element. Were this as strongly developed in him as the intellectual and technical sides, he would indeed be a giant of the keyboard.

What places Paderewski so far above pianists of the class of which Godowski is so brilliant an exemplar is that in him the emotional element is paramount. It is needless to say that this element was particularly in evidence at the recital he gave in Carnegie Hall last Sunday for the benefit of the Polish Victims' Relief Fund. Before playing, he spoke nearly an hour on the tragic fate which has overtaken his native land, Poles being obliged to kill Poles, because they belong to different empires; and a territory, some thousand miles long and 600 miles wide, being now "a vast desert, an immense ruin, a colossal cemetery." He

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spoke briefly of Chopin, Sembrich, Modjeska, Sienkiewicz, and great artists and workers in other fields that Poland has given the world; his remarks, which were eloquently delivered in idiomatic English, being frequently interrupted by applause. Then he played a group of Chopin pieces, three of which—two polonaises and the sonata with the funeral march—were specially appropriate to the occasion. His delivery of the sonata was one of the most overwhelming performances he has given in New York (where he was first heard twenty-four years ago). By doubling the bass on the return of the first part of the dirge he gives it the weird clang of an Oriental gong, dismal and thrilling. Thrilling, also, was the final presto, which to Paderewski evidently symbolized—as it did to Rubinstein—the sighing of the night wind over the graves.

It is to be hoped that these appealing lecture-recitals of Paderewski, apart from the sale of tickets (which amounted in San Francisco to $9,000 and in New York to nearly $10,000), will induce Americans to open wider their purses for the benefit of Poland, where, according to the report of the investigators of the Rockefeller Foundation, conditions are "much worse than the worst in Belgium."

It is not the intention of the present writer in these weekly reviews of music in New York to comment on all the minor concerts and recitals, or even to mention them—a procedure which, in this year's plethora of entertainments, might result in as dry a record as Homer's catalogue of ships in the "Iliad." Some mention is due to David Bispham for the unique entertainment which he is now presenting to the American public. In it he appears as the poor deaf Beethoven, in an adaptation of a lachrymose little play by Hugo Müller, woven around the sentimental song, "Adelaide" (which, by the way, Beethoven, in his maturity, would have been glad to destroy). Mr. Bispham still sings well, and in his acting he recalled the days when he so admirably impersonated Kurwenal and other parts at the Metropolitan Opera House. His "Adelaide" will doubtless appeal to a large public all over the country.

Of orchestral concerts there will be more than ever throughout the land; the Philharmonic alone will have more than ninety, besides a seven weeks' tour at the close of its New York season. The first concert was given last Friday at Aeolian Hall by the New York Symphony Orchestra, which played Beethoven's fifth symphony and some fragments from Ravel's "Daphnis and Chloe." These would be more effective if used in connection with the ballet for which they were written. The soloist was Mischa Elman, who, though in America last season, did not then play in public. The year's rest has evidently been of benefit to him; his interpretation of Goldmark's violin concerto made him appear more of a musician, and less of a mere virtuoso, than he had seemed to be on some previous occasions.

HENRY T. FINCK.

Finance

COURSE OF EXCHANGE ON LONDON.

When the $500,000,000 Anglo-French loan was first formally announced, in the last week of September, exchange on London rose to 4.73, as against the low price of 4.50, touched momentarily in the great decline which culminated at the opening of that month. There was some uncertainty in Wall Street's mind as to how the immense new credit fund would be employed. If it were to be used for aggressive support of the exchange market, a further sharp recovery in rates might follow. The rate of 4.73 was still fully 10 cents in the pound sterling below what in normal times would be the minimum; it was at least conceivable that the new resources would be used to restore something like a normal level.

But the sterling market did not indicate any such purposes. In the week after the announcement of the loan, the rate got down nearly to 4.69; in the next, it almost touched 4.67; this week it fell to 4.61⅜, the lowest figure touched in eight weeks, and marking the loss of more than half the recovery from the low level of the year. What made this movement, under all the circumstances, much more impressive was the fact that it occurred in the face of sales by London, at New York, of $1,000,000 per day in American securities, and of delivery to our banks on account of England, since October 1, of $40,000,000 gold. It was natural that Wall Street should have asked, where was the $500,000,000 credit fund making its influence felt?

It is probable that the proceeds of that loan had as yet been used only sparingly; the machinery for disbursing them was hardly yet in thorough working order. But a more obvious answer seemed to be, that Europe's purchases of our goods were now running so high as to create a balance of payment in this country's favor which could be only partly and gradually met, even by the large new credit. October, even in normal times, is the month in which export of our agricultural staples reaches the high mark of the year, and, in fact, the shipment last week of 11,000,000 bushels of wheat from both coasts of America broke all weekly records in our history. But the present month also happens to be the time when the war material ordered by Europe, long delayed by the necessary preparations of our factories, is moving out in full quantity, and when, moreover, exports of steel and iron of every sort have probably reached their maximum.

Some very remarkable reports on current trade have shown what these simultaneous influences were producing. Last Monday, $21,635,000 worth of merchandise was exported from New York alone. This was not only by far the largest one day's shipment in the history of the port, but was actually greater by one-half than went out in the whole of this present week in 1913 or 1912. The Government's summary of last week's exports from the larger ports of the United States showed, next, that the total, $98,700,000, fixed an absolutely new weekly record for the country's trade. At the same time came the Washington figures of the whole country's foreign trade last month. The exports, $297,700,000, surpassed those of any other month except last February; so did the $146,300,000 excess of exports over imports—which was actually more than double the largest September export surplus of the past.

This remarkable result brought the excess of exports, for the nine completed months of 1915, to no less a total than $1,227,200,000, as compared with $57,900,000 in the same period last year. The previous high-water mark for the nine months' period (that of 1908) was $432,200,000. The preliminary weekly figures for October prove that the present month's figures will be much larger. It is easily possible that the export surplus for the calendar year as a whole will reach $1,800,000,000. Never before, under the most favoring influences, has it touched $700,000,000.

The case of sterling exchange would thus on the surface seem to be clear enough, even with a $500,000,000 credit through which the strain of drafts direct on London might be averted. That would pay only half of the "export excess" as stated above. Yet the matter is not quite so simple as such a comparison would seem to indicate. Europe has not been leaving everything to the balance of trade in merchandise. To begin with, we have received from abroad this year nearly $300,000,000 more gold than we have exported, and the figure may be $350,000,000 by the end of December. We have never before, in the full twelve months of any other calendar year, gained as much as $150,000,000 gold on balance from the outside world.

Nor is this all the offset. Quite aside from the $500,000,000 Anglo-French loan, we have advanced some $350,000,000 to foreign countries during 1915. Even when the proceeds of such borrowings were left here, to be spent for American commodities, the result, in relieving the market for international exchange would be the same. And our markets have also bought back from Europe, during 1915, something like $600,000,000 of our own securities.

The sum total of all these offsets will be found pretty nearly to balance the estimated excess of merchandise exports for 1915. Yet exchange rates continue to move heavily against the outside world. What is the explanation? In at least some degree, as an economic phenomenon, doubt as to Europe's maintenance of gold payments, if the war is much longer continued. But the far larger influence, reflected with increasing force in the day-to-day transactions of the New York market with the outside money markets, especially of the neutral nations, is the movement to this city of the working capital and international deposit funds,

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which have heretofore regularly gone to London and which this year have largely been transferred from London to New York. Such transfer of capital not only deprives London of the supply of drafts on other markets which it usually handles, but to a large extent creates a new supply of drafts direct on England, which are sold in the sterling market. It is this heavy make-weight in the balance which it remains for sterling rates to measure, and which leaves the future course of international exchange a problem of great obscurity.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK

FICTION.

Cabell, J. B. The Rivet in Grandfather's Neck. McBride. $1.35 net.
Dwyer, J. F. The Green Half-Moon. McClurg. $1.25 net.
Gohosal, Mrs. The Fatal Garland. Macmillan. $1.50 net.
Grayson, D. Hempfield. Doubleday, Page. $1.35 net.
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Leacock, S. Moonbeams from the Larger Lunacy. John Lane. $1.25 net.
Newbolt, H. Aladore. Dutton. $1.50 net.
Parrish, R. Beyond the Frontier. McClurg. $1.35 net.
Phillpotts, E. Old Delabole. Macmillan. $1.50 net.
Sladen, D. His German Wife. Brentanos. $1.35 net.
Webster, J. Dear Enemy. Century. $1.30 net.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Anderson, A. J. The Romance of Leonardo da Vinci. Brentanos. $3.75 net.
Annual Register of the University of Chicago. University of Chicago Press.
Berle, A. A. Teaching in the Home. Moffat, Yard. $1.25 net.
Bok, E. Why I Believe in Poverty. Houghton Mifflin. 50 cents net.
Cannon, F. Writing and Selling a Play. Holt. $1.50 net.
Carson, W. E. The Marriage Revolt. Hearst's International Library Co. $2 net.
Espey, C. E. Leaders of Girls. Abingdon Press. 75 cents net.
France, A. Crainquebille. Lane. $1.75 net.
Hamilton, C. On the Trail of Stevenson. Doubleday, Page. $3 net.
Holley, H. The Social Principle. Gomme. 75 cents net.
London, C. K. The Log of the Snark. Macmillan. $2.50 net.
Mason, E. A Book of References in Literature. Dutton. $1.25 net.
More, P. E. Aristocracy and Justice. (Shelburne Essays, Ninth Series.) Houghton Mifflin. $1.25 net.
Parr, W. R. Unrest. Boston: Badger. $1.25 net.
Pattee, F. L. A History of American Literature Since 1870. Century. $2 net.
Wiener, L. Commentary to the Germanic Laws and Mediæval Documents. Harvard University Press.

RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY.

Buckham, J. W. Mysticism and Modern Life. Abingdon Press. $1 net.
Butler, Mrs. J. W. Historic Churches in Mexico. Abingdon Press. $1.50 net.
Durkheim, E. The Elementary Forms of the Religious Life. Macmillan.
Fisher, F. B., and Collaborators. The Way to Win. Methodist Book Concern. 50 cents.

GOVERNMENT AND ECONOMICS.

Cubberley, E. P., and Elliott, E. C. State and County School Administration. Vol. II—Source Book. Macmillan.
Leavitt, F. M., and Brown, E. Prevocational Education in the Public Schools. Houghton Mifflin.
Moore, H. H. Keeping in Condition. Macmillan. 75 cents.
Post, L. F. The Taxation of Land Values. Bobbs-Merrill. $1 net.

BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY.

Aldrich, M. A Hilltop on the Marne. Houghton Mifflin. $1.25 net.
Dr. Holmes's Boston. Edited by C. Ticknor. Houghton Mifflin. $6 net.
Haskins, C. H. The Normans in European History. Houghton Mifflin. $2 net.
Hawkes, C. King of the Flying Sledge. $1.25 net.
Russell, G. W. E. The Spirit of England. Dutton. $1.75 net.
Thayer, W. R. The Life of John Hay. 2 vols. Houghton Mifflin. $5 net.

TRAVEL.

Thornhill, J. B. Adventures in Africa. Dutton. $3.50 net.

POETRY.

Appleton, E. J. The Quiet Courage. Cincinnati: Stewart, Kidd & Co. $1 net.
English Prose and Verse. From Beowulf to Stevenson. Selected and edited by H. S. Pancoast. Holt.
Low, B. R. C. The House that Was, and Other Poems. Lane.

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Speakman, H. The First Christmas. Abingdon Press. 50 cents.
Wilde, O. A House of Pomegranates. Brentanos. $3.75 net.

TEXTBOOKS.

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